

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

YEOMAN WARDERS

Christmas procession at the Tower

PHOTOGRAPHS

prize-winning Press pictures

CHRISTMAS QUIZ

compiled by our contributors



Light up a Johnnie Walker!



At Christmas, even the most orthodox Johnnie Walker drinker is receptive to new ways of enjoying his favourite scotch.

And after all, why shouldn't everyone get the taste of the

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Merry Christmas!

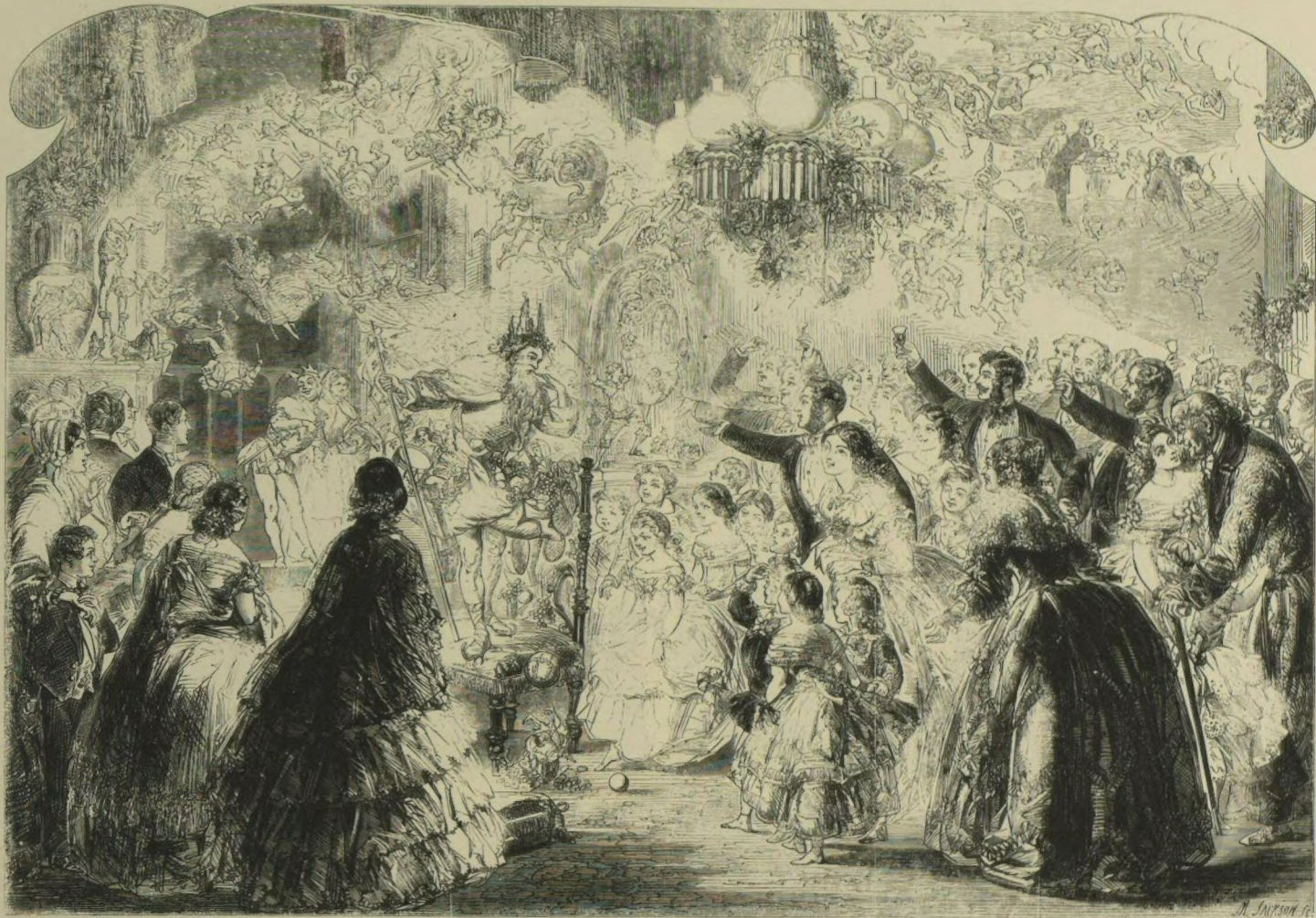
Johnnie Walker - strictly for whisky drinkers

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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"THE RETURN OF OLD CHRISTMAS" WAS DRAWN BY JAMES GODWIN FOR OUR CHRISTMAS DAY ISSUE IN 1858

We would like to wish all our readers a very happy Christmas

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Cover: Colonel Sir Thomas Butler, Governor of the Tower, inspects a parade of Yeoman Warders and the Yeoman Gaoler (left), accompanied by the Chief Warden. In the background is the tower of the Chapel Royal St Peter ad Vincula. (Photograph by Ron Burton.)

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CHANEL

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Floods in Scotland

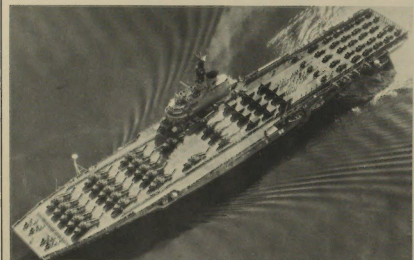
There were widespread and damaging floods in north and west Scotland after a weekend of violent storms. Thousands of acres of farmland were under water in Inverness-shire, Ross and Cromarty, and Perthshire. In Glasgow (bottom right), over 50 families were driven from their homes or marooned in them after the White Cart overflowed its banks, leaving streets in seven feet of water. Because of the extent of the flooding it was impossible to bring the normal rescue services to the houses, and an attempt

by the Glasgow Humane Society boat had to be given up because of under-water obstacles. More than 3,000 telephones were put out of action by the floods, and on the A85 at Loch Dochart, vehicles had to be abandoned overnight. On the Inverness, Dingwall, Kyle of Lochalsh railway, passengers were stranded by waters and landslides. At Aviemore (top), low-level flooding invaded a caravan site and prevented skiers from reaching the new resort near the village, but the waters had receded by mid week.

Window on the world



WAR AND PEACE IN VIETNAM: American fighter bombers intensified recent attacks on industrial sites close to the North Vietnamese capital of Hanoi on December 19, the same day that the US asked the United Nations to arrange discussions aimed at a cessation of the war. This week both America and North Vietnam have issued photographs showing their activities in the war. The Pentagon's picture (right) is of US B-52s dropping 750-pound bombs over Viet Cong strongholds; an official Communist news agency picture (above) shows a US Marine pilot—named as David Rehman, of Bay City, Michigan—at a news conference in Hanoi after being shot down over the city by North Vietnamese anti-aircraft fire. The American peace appeal was made direct to UN Secretary-General U Thant by the US Ambassador, Mr Arthur Goldberg, in a personal interview followed up by a letter. After noting that the Pope and U Thant wished to extend the Christmas truce in Vietnam indefinitely, the letter continued: "Our objective remains the end of all fighting, of all hostilities and all violence in Vietnam, and an honourable and lasting settlement there, for which . . . the Geneva agreements of 1954 and 1962 would be a satisfactory basis." Mr Goldberg concluded: "We turn to you, therefore, with the hope and the request that you will take whatever steps you consider necessary to bring about the necessary discussions which could lead to a ceasefire." U Thant later saw a representative from Algeria, one of his main channels of communications with Hanoi.



HMS BULWARK COMES HOME: The Royal Navy Commando ship is seen from a helicopter-eye viewpoint returning from Australia. The 42 Commando and 845 Squadron RAF units are paraded on her flight-deck, with vehicles, armour, and helicopters.

LAST NATO MEETING IN PARIS: On December 15, the NATO Council of Ministers convened for the last meeting to be held in Paris. Mr George Brown made his maiden speech there, reaffirming the threefold purpose of NATO: defence, deterrence, and *détente*. Also present were Mr G. M. Thomson, Mr Callaghan, and Mr Healey.



MRS KENNEDY GOES TO LAW: After a meeting with a judge in Wall Street, Mrs John Kennedy, the late President's widow, is seen leaving by a Pine Street exit in an endeavour to avoid newsmen. In a statement issued on December 14 she announced that she was going to law to stop the publication of *Death of a President* a book dealing with the assassination of her husband in November 1963. The Kennedy family originally chose Mr William Manchester to write the book "in the interest of personal accuracy" but Mrs Kennedy now describes it as premature, tasteless, and inaccurate. "I am shocked," she said, "that Mr Manchester would exploit the emotional state in which I recounted my recollections to him in 1964 and I am equally shocked that reputable publishers would take commercial advantage of his failure to keep his word." Hopes of a compromise were dashed on December 16 when she filed a suit in the New York Supreme Court and a hearing of the case was fixed for December 27.



TIGER GAINS NEW WORLD TITLE: Nigerian boxer Dick Tiger won the world light-heavyweight title on a points decision from José Torres, of Puerto Rico, on December 16 in New York. Tiger is the first former world middleweight champion to win the light-heavyweight crown since 1903. The 37-year-old Nigerian—real name Richard Ihetu—was seven years older and eight pounds lighter than Torres, the 12-5 on favourite. It was an exciting, almost savage bout from the start, when Tiger launched into the attack, concentrating on blows to the former champion's body. There were no knockdowns, but by the last two of the 15 rounds Torres was fought to a standstill and seemed unable to land an effective punch.



WAVES SNATCH MAN FROM SAFETY: When their amphibious DUKW sank on return from a sea rig used for a sewage scheme a mile offshore from Blackpool, these four men clung to an oil drum raft. They were washed towards the North Pier jetty, where anglers and police were able to haul three of them to safety. Detective-Sergeant John Brown was lowered to the fourth, Mr William Webb, 42 (upper right in picture). He was able to reach him, but a big wave snatched Mr Webb from his grasp and swept him under the pier. Mr Webb was a clerk of the works with the Blackpool Engineering Department, working on the sewage scheme. The other three—Mr M. Roper (in glasses), Mr J. Davis, and Mr K. Wilson (in peaked cap)—were all hauled up to safety.

Window on the world *continued*



RMC AWARD FOR RHODESIAN: At the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on December 15, the Sword of Honour, the award for the outstanding cadet of 242, went to Senior Under Officer J. Strong, 20, of Plumtree, Rhodesia, who is seen here at the parade receiving the award from the Master General of the Ordnance, General Sir Charles Jones. Senior Under Officer Strong is going into the British Army with a commission in the Royal Artillery and has said: "My loyalty is to the Queen." The Queen's Medal was won by Senior Under Officer J. G. Baker.



SPORTS MODEL HYDROFOIL: The new Hi-Foil was demonstrated on the Thames on December 13 by its designer, Mr. Peter Nott, aged 35. The craft is nine feet long, is powered by an outboard motor, has a top speed of 30 mph, and costs £400. It rises clear of the water at 15 mph, balancing on foils positioned like the wheels of a motorcycle specifically designed for speeding.



SEARCH CONTINUES FOR MITCHELL: A detachment of men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have been taking part in the hunt for Frank Mitchell, the violent prisoner who escaped from Dartmoor on December 12. An investigation has been made into the escape, by the Chief Constable of Leicester, Mr. Robert Mark, who is a member of the Mountbatten inquiry team on prison security. When he escaped, Mitchell was on an outside working party on the edge of Dartmoor, and there have been protests to the Home Secretary, Mr. Jenkins, after statements from licensees in the area that Mitchell went into two villages and drank during his lunch break. The Dartmoor branch of the Prison Officers' Association stated that many of its members had objected to Mitchell's being placed on an outside working party, although no official protest had been made. Mitchell escaped from Rampton Mental Institution in 1957, and attacked several people with a hatchet. He was caught and gaoled for nine years. The following year he escaped from Broadmoor, after serving short terms at Lincoln and Strangeways. In 1962 he attacked a prison officer at Hull, and three weeks later the Home Office confirmed that he had slashed a second officer's face with a knife. Mr. Michael Heseltine, Conservative MP for Tavistock, tabled a motion calling for an inquiry. In a statement in the Commons, the Home Secretary said that Mitchell had responded well to treatment, and had been involved in no violence or prison offence of any kind since 1962. He said that the general view of prison authorities was that Mitchell had matured.



MR HEATH LEADS THE SINGING:

At his annual carol concert, held this year in a local ballroom in his home town, Broadstairs, Mr. Edward Heath conducted a 60-strong choir through a programme of 22 carols, ending with "O Come All Ye Faithful." The concert raised £115 for old people's and convalescent homes. Mr. Ian Trethowan, the BBC political commentator, attended and delivered the appeal. The Conservative party leader expressed thanks for the sum raised, but added: "It seems the squeeze has had its effect in the hall today."

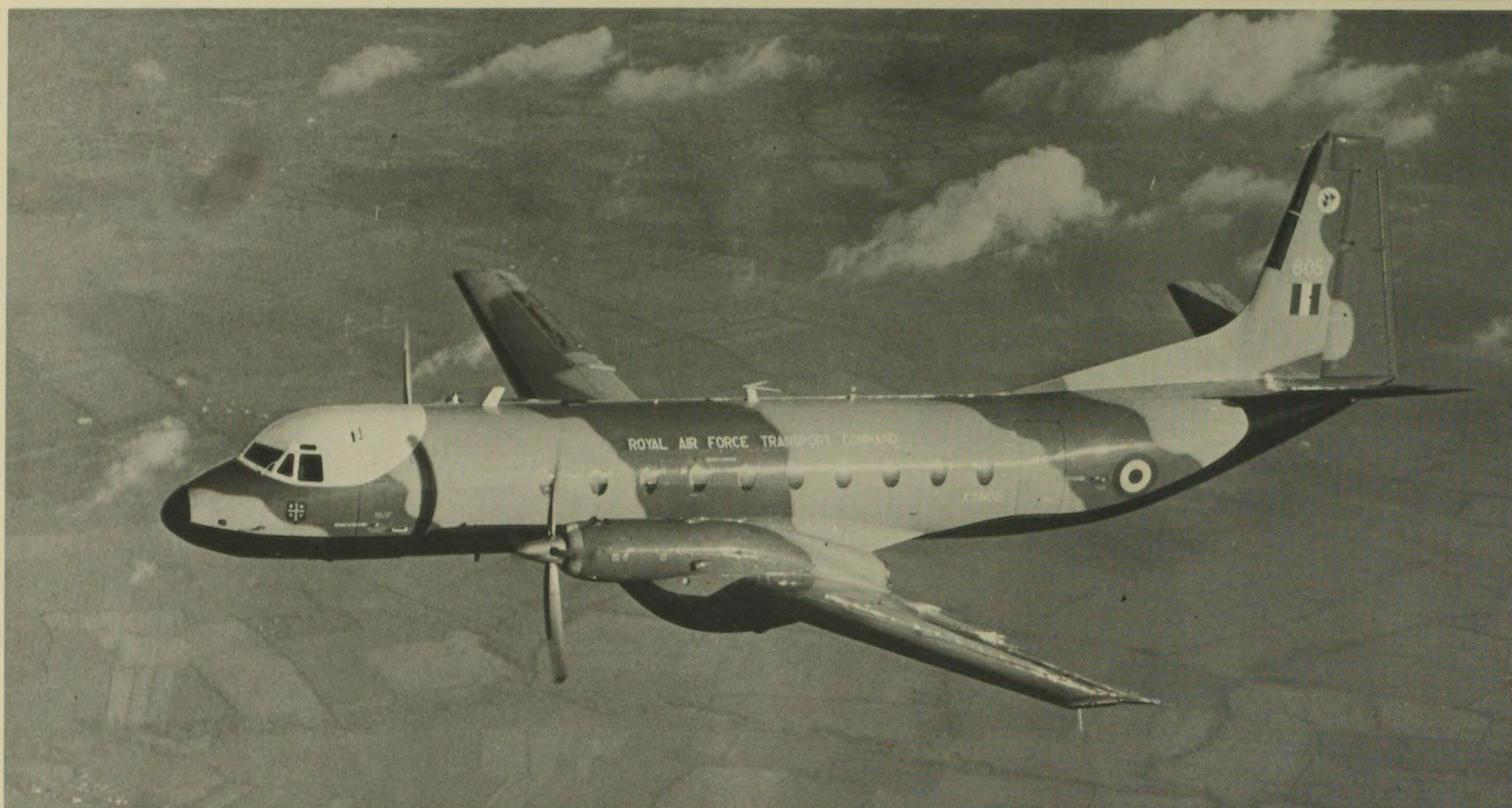
"YOUTH FOR PEACE" PROTEST:

A few isolated scuffles with police occurred outside the US Embassy in Grosvenor Square on December 18 when about 400 members of the Youth for Peace in Vietnam Committee demonstrated against American bombing of Hanoi, and the use of napalm in the Vietnam war. A deputation was allowed into the embassy to present a personal letter to the Ambassador. The demonstrators then marched to the Wigmore Street offices of Dow Chemicals, subsidiary of a US firm said by the Committee to be concerned with the manufacture of napalm. The Committee represents such youth groups as CND Youth, the Young Communists, and the Young Liberals.



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Window on the world *continued*

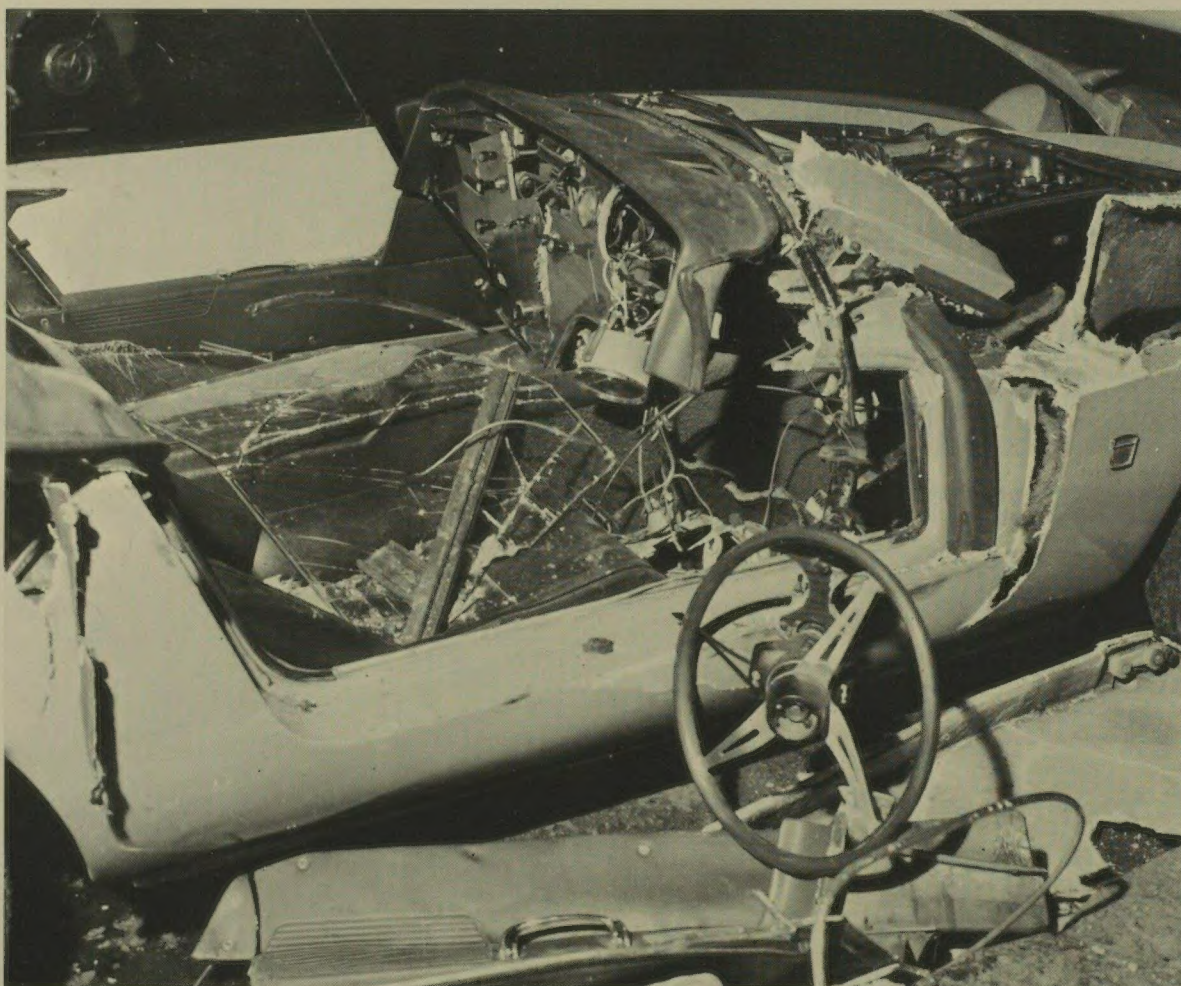


RAF's NEW SHORT-RANGE TRANSPORT:

The Hawker Siddeley Andover C Mk 1 multi-purpose short-range military aircraft, of which 31 have been ordered, is now entering squadron service, first with No 46 Squadron, Abingdon, and then with No 52 in the Far East. The Andover, a development of the Hawker Siddeley 748 airliner, requires only a short take-off, and can be used as a freighter or troop transport.

ADVANCES IN CANCER RESEARCH:

Professor Sir Alexander Haddow, director of the Chester Beatty Research Institute, speaking at a Press conference on December 15, announced the discovery of a cure for some types of cancer by a chemical called methotrexate. Success has been achieved with choriocarcinoma (a tumour which sometimes follows pregnancy) and with Burkitt's lymphoma (a disease of children in Africa), and in both cases the cancer could be tackled in an advanced form. Professor Haddow and the Duchess of Roxburghe are inspecting the programme for a National Cancer Day race meeting at Ascot next September.

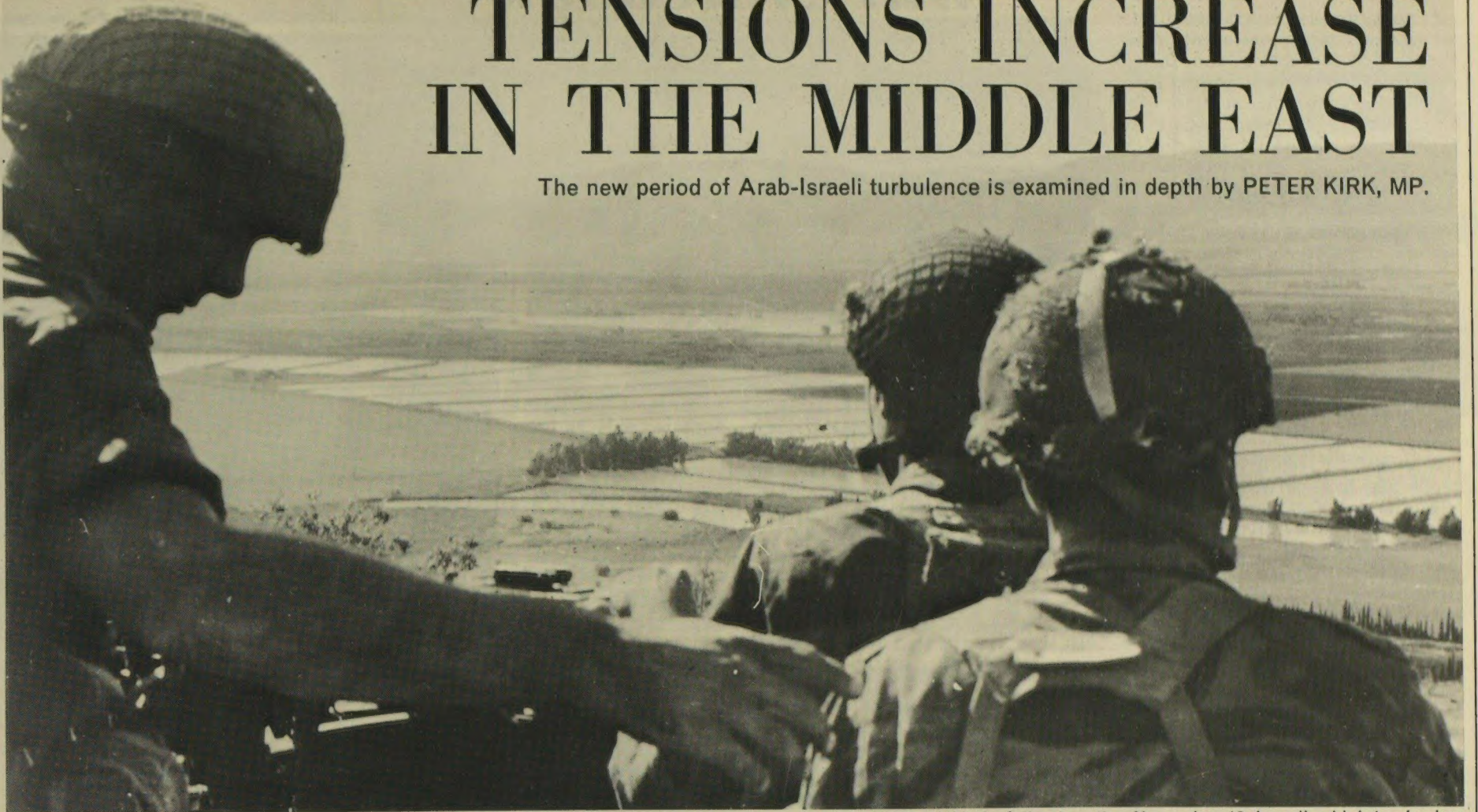


GUINNESS HEIR KILLED IN CAR CRASH: Tara Browne, aged 21, the heir to a share of the Guinness fortune, was killed when his sports car crashed into a parked van in South Kensington in the early hours of December 18. He was driving his friend Miss Suki Potier home from dinner when the accident happened. She was unhurt. Mr Browne and his wife separated earlier this year. There are two children, aged three years and 18 months. The son of Lord Oranmore and Browne, Tara Browne was known among his friends in Chelsea, where he spent much of his time, as being good natured and unassuming. Since the break-up of his marriage, he had been living in a hotel in London.



TENSIONS INCREASE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The new period of Arab-Israeli turbulence is examined in depth by PETER KIRK, MP.



A mobile Israeli patrol scans the heights occupied by Syrian forces which fired for nine hours at a *kibbutz* following the November 13 Israeli raid into Jordan.

EVEN IF THE REST of the world was as quiet and peaceful as a convent garden, the problems of the Middle East would be enough to keep the United Nations working virtually full time. That volatile part of the world has just gone through another bout of turmoil, and though it has emerged from it virtually unscathed, it was a stern reminder, if one was needed, of constant dangers which lurk in the Arab world. Once again, the trouble was caused by two factors—the still unsolved Palestine question, and the proper division of the spoil arising from vast reserves of oil. And once again, the main disturbing influence in both cases was Syria.

Syria must share with the Congo the distinction of being the most ungovernable country in the world. Ever since the French withdrew from the Levant 20 years ago, the Syrians have been in a state of uproar. Military *coups* have succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity, and only during relatively brief periods of strong dictatorship has there been any approach to stable government. Matters have been complicated further by her love-hate relationship with Egypt, which led for a short time to their union in the ill-fated United Arab Republic. At the moment, the two countries' relations with each other are fairly tranquil, but this does not ensure peace; on the contrary, it means that both of them feel themselves free to go for Jordan.

Jordan is in the unhappy position of the man in the middle. King Hussein is regarded as an anachronism by Nasser and his Arab socialist friends, and no opportunity is missed to try and bring him down. The Israeli attack on an undefended Jordan village last month gave them a golden opportunity, and they very nearly succeeded. That they did not was due entirely to the courage of the King, but of course it is impossible to guarantee that he will survive indefinitely, even if he does seem to bear a charmed life.

The Israeli attack was a gross error of judgement. It is true that Israel had been under great provocation, but this had come mainly from Syria. Unfortunately, while the Israeli-Jordan border runs mainly through open country, extremely well suited to sudden attack, the Syrians are in a much stronger position. They occupy the high ground overlooking the Sea of Galilee, from where they can attack Israeli settlements, especially an isolated *kibbutz* on the east shore of the lake, with virtual

immunity. No doubt feeling himself under pressure from his public opinion to take some action in the face of repeated provocation, the Israeli Prime Minister, Mr Eshkol, was unwise enough to select the easier target.

King Hussein is in a particularly awkward position. Two thirds of the Jordanian population live on the west bank, and came originally from Palestine. Their loyalty to the Hashemite dynasty has never been strong, and in recent years it has been further subverted by the activities of the Palestine Liberation Organisation, led by the ineffable Achmed Shukeiry. Shukeiry is a Palestine Arab who has turned up in various roles in the course of the last 20 years. At one time, he was even the Saudi Arabian delegate to the United Nations, a position he must have found difficult to reconcile with his present professed hatred for the Saudi royal house. At the moment, his main concern seems to be to get rid of Hussein, both out of socialist conviction and out of a feeling that by so doing he will stimulate a more active policy against Israel in Jordan.

The Israeli attack, therefore, so far from stimulating any sympathy for King Hussein among the other Arab states, had a completely contrary effect. A great clamour arose in Cairo and Damascus that this proved that the King's policy of moderation towards Israel was treachery to the Arab cause, and widespread rioting was stimulated by Shukeiry throughout the west bank, and particularly in Jerusalem. The King pointed out with some bitterness that a more practical form of manifesting their hostility to Israel might have been to have rallied to Jordan's side, and he refused a suggestion that Egyptian, or even Palestine Liberation Army, troops should enter his country, no doubt feeling that this would be the Trojan horse. Only troops from Saudi Arabia and Iraq, his only two friends in the area, were welcome and a meeting of the United Arab Command and the Arab League held in an attempt to deal with the situation broke up in its customary confusion.

It was at this point that Syria introduced a new element into an already confused situation. Syria has been growing increasingly resentful of the fact that she does not share in the flood of foreign currency which other Arab states gain out of oil revenues. The Middle Eastern states have been consistently demanding and getting—increased

royalties, with Iran, for example, concluding an extremely lucrative deal only last week. Syria has no oil herself, but the main pipeline of the Iraq Petroleum Company passes through Syrian territory, one branch going to the Syrian port of Banias, and the other to Tripoli in the Lebanon. The first move was to prevent the loading of oil at Banias; this was easy to achieve. It was then claimed that there were defects in the pumping stations, which effectively cut off the supply to Tripoli. It became quite clear that no further oil would leave through the IPC pipeline until the company had given in to Syrian blackmail.

Iraq, however, which has not been on good terms with Syria for some time, continued to demand her pound of flesh. Despite the fact that the flow of oil had effectively dried up, she demanded that oil royalties should continue to be paid, a demand that put the company in an impossible position. Yielding to Syria would lay the company wide open to further blackmail from Iraq, but refusing to pay royalties to Iraq might lead to the nationalisation of the oil installations. The Iraqis themselves, meanwhile, continued to speak with some bitterness of the Syrian behaviour.

There is no doubt that all this brings joy to the heart of Colonel Nasser. His grip on the Arab world, which appeared so strong a few years ago, has been steadily weakening. The flower of his army—anything up to 50,000 men—is bogged down in the Yemen, where, despite a reign of terror instituted by his puppet, Marshal Sallal, he seems as far away as ever from gaining control of the Royalist part of the country. His plans for Libya have come to nothing, and he has now completely alienated the Maghreb states. Even Algeria is moving away.

But with King Feisal of Saudi Arabia now forced to look north to help his fellow-monarch, with Syria embroiled with both Iraq and Jordan and looking to him for help, with Jordan itself only just surviving what amounted to a revolution, and with the prospect of British withdrawal from Aden in a couple of years, the prospects look very much brighter for Nasser. The immediate crisis may now be over, but it would take very little to spark it off again. Everything now depends on King Hussein's capacity to survive. There cannot be many insurance companies who would venture on such a speculative risk, even with the largest of premiums.

Our Notebook



by Sir Arthur Bryant

TO THOSE IN THIS COUNTRY who have strong moral or personal feelings about the Rhodesian problem—and, though only a small minority at present have, such feelings on either side are very strong indeed—the whole affair has been, and is, a cause of deep distress and even anguish. Some feel that the denial of equal political rights to an African majority is such an outrage against humanity and justice that any sacrifice of expediency, even if it involves national bankruptcy or global war, is worth making to defeat it. Others hold that it is an act of injustice and tyranny for the Government and people of this country to impose by *force majeure* the rule of a still mainly primitive and uneducated African majority on a self-governing community—as Rhodesia has been for nearly half a century—of British people who have created by their own efforts and under their own elected leaders' direction a thriving and peaceful nation in the heart of Africa, and who are now faced by pressures and dangers from which we in this island are completely sheltered, and whose very nature we can scarcely—not being a very imaginative people—conceive.

Yet even the darkest political cloud sometimes reveals, however unexpectedly, a silver lining, and at least one good thing may in the end have come out of the tragic failure of the Wilson-Smith *Tiger* talks. For, outraged by the Government's resort to the United Nations for the solution of what is primarily a British problem, and for any impartial and disinterested approach to which that body seems singularly unfitted, the Conservative party has suddenly and dramatically awoken from its long post-election torpor and inertia and challenged the Ministers of the Crown on a fundamental issue. That, I feel, is as it should be, for the whole conception and purpose of Parliament, as it has grown up in this country over the centuries, is that it is a forum in which great issues can be debated and fought out by words until national conviction and agreement have been reached.

The function of political parties

It is to act as the spokesmen of such issues that political parties exist. And when those parties are not divided by such issues, as has largely been the case during recent years, Parliament tends to become a mere legislative rubber stamp for administrative decisions, and represents little or nothing but the claims of rival politicians to the loaves and fishes of office. When such a state of affairs exists, the nation loses interest in politics and grows politically lethargic. It loses, as a result, its momentum, and ceases to govern itself and is governed instead by the Civil Service. And though the Civil Service, as constituted in this country, is a most admirable and efficient lieutenant, it is a bad master: it can count and reckon, but it cannot rule. The nation needs men accustomed to thrash out great issues in open debate, and in the full and unimpeded vision of the public eye, to do that. Civil servants, by the very nature of their employment, do good—or harm—by stealth. Parliamentary statesmen, in a democratically mature nation like Great Britain, are there to ensure that nothing which vitally affects the interests and honour of the country is ever determined by stealth.

That is why, at a time when it seems that even such a vital and momentous step as entry to the Common Market may be taken without either resort to the electorate or serious inter-party controversy and debate in Parliament, I find it heartening to see Mr Wilson and Mr Heath, and their respective lieutenants, engaging in parliamentary and electoral battle about an issue about which both feel deeply and about which both disagree fundamentally. For now at last there is a chance for the nation as a whole to learn what the real issues are and, in learning, to make up its mind on how they should be resolved. The national champions are in the list and the day of shadow fighting is past. In a democracy this is as it should be.

Mr Maudling and Rhodesia

I became conscious of this the other evening while watching and listening to Mr David Frost's ITV confrontation with Mr Ian Smith's voice. In many ways it was a curiously, though probably quite inadvertently, slanted programme: the clear and ringing questions and comments of Mr Frost and of the principal British speakers at his side contrasted with the blurred answers, and still more blurred and static photographic likeness, of Mr Smith, who thus appeared more as an Aunt Sally than a living controversialist. But what came as a revelation

was the, for me, unexpected intensity with which Mr Maudling spoke against what, until he opened his mouth, appeared to be an unopposed condemnation of the absent and, vocally and visually, strangled Rhodesian leader. It was not that Mr Maudling was pro-Smith, or that he condoned UDI, or was in favour of racial discrimination; he was none of these things. But he pleaded passionately against the folly of breaking off relations with the Rhodesian white community, and of committing this country to an irrevocable support of those who are bent on the destruction of that community—a destruction which will, if successful, whatever its ideological justification, result in the most tragic suffering for black and white Rhodesians alike (particularly the former), and the imposition of anarchy on what is today, with the exception of South Africa, the most prosperous and peaceful country in Africa.

The very common sense and moderation of what Mr Maudling was pleading for—against the apparent rigidity of both Mr Wilson and Mr Smith, the more so after they had so nearly reached agreement—made the deeply felt emotion with which he spoke all the more convincing. Here, one felt, was a national leader in the making, a man able to identify himself with a great public cause disinterestedly yet with passion and con-

viction, and to carry his fellow men with him. Here was the kind of leadership to which Englishmen instinctively respond—that of a good man touched by belief and conscience to greatness.

The touchstone of justice

To close the door or to keep it open—here is the issue on which the two main political parties are divided. There are powerful arguments on both sides, but both need stating, not merely those advanced by the Government and their administrative servants. They can be resolved by the application in Parliament and the country of the touchstone of justice—justice to both the diverse communities of which Rhodesia is comprised; to do justice to one while not doing justice to the other is not enough. By seeking patiently yet persistently to achieve such common justice, we are far more likely to arouse in the present rulers, as well as the electorate of Rhodesia, a like sense of justice, than by condemning them as unregenerate rebels, traitors, and racists, and refusing to parley with them.

I have always held that the Rhodesian problem can only be solved by convincing the self-governing electors of Rhodesia and their chosen representatives that it is both their duty and interest to solve it themselves and in the light of humanity and justice. I think what I mean can be best illustrated by quoting a letter which appeared a few days ago in *The Times* by a Rhodesian chief, Rekany Tawangwena, pleading for the homeland of his ancient tribe, the Tangwena. *I would appeal again to the people of England to see that justice is done to my people, who are still threatened with the loss of their traditional homelands in the mountains of Inyanga. I think our story is now widely known in your country. How our land is regarded by European law as part of a vast European-owned mountain ranch, so that we are "squatters" in that country which our forefathers occupied since before man can remember. Our ancestors are buried here. Never has it been used by anybody else, except that years ago some European cattle were grazed.*

Over the past few months we have tried in every way we can to secure justice from the Rhodesian Government. Our friends have interviewed Ministers and the Ministries. Twice our appeal has been made in Parliament. But authority says we must go. They only offer us space in a distant and alien part of this country, that is very different from our beautiful mountains. There seems no more that we can do here, and we fear that soon now the forces of "law" will move against us. We will never voluntarily leave our own country, but the might of their arms is irresistible, and as a peaceful people we do not want to fight. Our numbers are only about 1,200, but justice should be for the few as for the many. (*The Times*, December 15 1966.) Here—far more than in any rigid and abstract overriding of living human rights by the too rigid application of electoral and parliamentary formulas suitable for this country but not yet, as has been shown elsewhere, suitable for tribal Africa—here in this beautiful and moving letter is the expression of that need for justice, to receive which is every man's right and to give which is every man's, and ruler's, duty. Mr Ian Smith, please note!

Queen at Guildhall reception



The Queen arrives at an evening reception held at the Guildhall on December 14 to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Royal College of Nursing and the National Council of Nurses. This was her first public appearance since she had been ill with catarrh and laryngitis. Nurses from all over the country formed the guard of honour.

Personalities of the week



Michael Randall has spent his whole professional life in Fleet Street and has risen to the top; only 12 months ago he received the Hannen Swaffer award and was nominated Editor of the Year. Last week he was abruptly sacked as Editor of the *Daily Mail* which during his three-year term—to put it simply—gained in stature but lost in circulation. The event came as a shock and, though the Press rarely discusses its affairs in public, the circumstances of his departure set fair to intensify controversy about the industry.

It is some time now since the industry broke through the pattern of decades. Seven years ago Odhams swallowed Hulton Press, to be in turn taken over by the Mirror Group with Newnes and Fleetway thrown in. Lord Thomson took control of Kemsley newspapers with *The Sunday Times*, which he turned into an outstanding publication. As Mr Cecil King, boss of IPC (the Mirror Group), has said, newspaper economics make further concentration inevitable; he has predicted that only three or four national dailies will survive. Developments seem to bear him out. The *Daily Mail*, which acquired the liberal *News Chronicle* in 1960, found it politically and financially difficult to digest and speculation about the *Mail's* future soon also embraced its stable companion, the *Daily Sketch*. This year *Sunday Citizen* was unable to carry on without "the help of the trade unions"—another way of saying that the printing unions relaxed some of their oppressive restrictions.

Public interest in the newspaper industry was roused once more in September by Lord Thomson's plan to save the ailing *Times*, on which the Monopolies Commission is expected to pronounce at the end of the month. More recently the *Guardian*—after a brief ill-advised flirtation with some light-weight opponents of the *Times*—Thomson scheme—confessed to serious difficulties which require economies to the tune of at least £500,000 per annum. Once more it is largely the responsibility of the unions, because overmanning was one practice which the *Guardian* asked them to abandon.

In the meantime the economic squeeze has aggravated problems with which, perhaps, the industry would otherwise have coped in due course. Advertisers are concentrating on the most effective newspaper outlets—those with the biggest circulation and/or the strongest appeal to a high-class readership. Editorial budgets have been severely trimmed and the quality of papers has been drawn into the argument. How to stop the decline, what to offer the readers? These questions were at the root of the *Daily Mail* dilemma.

Michael Randall believed that a more serious editorial approach would gain more readers—the *Daily Mirror* proved this theory to be correct. But though he greatly improved the *Mail*, introduced an ingenious double headline and the sort of news analysis in depth that *The Sunday Times* had pioneered, the change was not given time to prove its worth. During Randall's recent illness, the management clearly came to the conclusion that shekels, if not laurels, could be garnered by a more popular approach.

Michael Randall, who was born in Hampstead some 47 years ago, joined Kemsley in 1940 and stayed there with the *Sketch*, the *Sunday Graphic*, the *Sunday Chronicle* (the latter as Editor) for 13 years before moving on to the *Mirror* and the *News Chronicle*, where the editorship was his for the asking and a little intrigue in which he would not take part. When the *Mail* got the *Chronicle* he was part of the bargain. Now, like the industry as a whole, his future is in the melting pot, but it looks as if he has the strength and resource to overcome the crisis. So, one hopes, have the newspapers. W.F.



Air Commodore H. L. Roxburgh, consultant adviser in aviation medicine, has been appointed Professor in Aviation Medicine at the RAF Institute of Aviation Medicine at Farnborough. This is the first professorship awarded to an RAF medical officer. Air Commodore Roxburgh was born in Cape Town and brought up in Edinburgh, where he studied medicine. He is 56 years old.



Superintendent Marion Kettlewell is to succeed Commandant Dame Margaret Drummond as Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service in June of next year. She has been superintendent of training and drafting at the WRNS training establishment, HMS *Dauntless*, since May 1964. It has been reported that her recreation is "bird-watching."



Warrant Officer Kevin Wheatley, 28, has been posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. The award was made to Wheatley, an Australian soldier in Vietnam, for his "magnificent courage in the face of an overwhelming Viet Cong force" on November 13 1965. He assisted a mortally wounded comrade and refused to leave him even when Viet Cong troops had approached to within 10 yards.



Lord Rupert Nevill was elected chairman of the British Olympic Association on December 13, in succession to the Marquis of Exeter, who becomes president. Lord Rupert is second son of the late 4th Marquis of Abergavenny, is 43, was educated at Eton, and served in the Life Guards. He is a stockbroker and a director of companies including The Times Publishing Company.



Rabbi Dr Joachim Prinz, chairman of the Governing Council of the World Jewish Congress, said at its London conference on December 11 that the implications of the growth of the National Democratic party were seriously underestimated in Germany. The Congress has called on the German government to resist the bid for power by extremist right-wing forces.



Sir Arthur Porritt, a New Zealander, a distinguished athlete, serjeant-surgeon to the Queen, and one of the team who recently operated on the Queen Mother, is to succeed Sir Bernard Fergusson as Governor-General of New Zealand. Sir Arthur, who is 66, was educated in New Zealand and Magdalen, Oxford, and captained the New Zealand Olympic team in 1924 and 1928.



Mr Gordon Boggan, one of the great personalities of advertising, died on December 11 aged 68. He joined Mather & Crowther (now Ogilvy & Crowther) in 1923 and had been president since 1962. Among his successful campaigns were the "Eat More Fruit" slogan and the Marketing Board's lion egg. A notable fund-raiser, he was awarded an OBE in 1961.



Sir Steuart Wilson died on December 18 aged 77. He devoted his life to the service of music: between the wars he was a leading tenor, helped found the English Singers, adjudicated at festivals, translated singing texts for lieder and oratorios, and in 1950-55 was deputy General Administrator of the Royal Opera House. He was knighted in 1948.



Dr F. Kingsley Sanders, Director of the Medical Research Laboratories at Carshalton, is emigrating to the United States. He will join the Sloane-Kettering Research Institute in September, where he will receive £9,600 a year, more than double his present salary. Dr Sanders said his decision was concerned "almost entirely with the job rather than the rewards."

On December 25, as on every Christmas Day for nearly 900 years, one of London's most colourful processions will take place, as the Yeoman Warders of the Tower of London, led by the Governor, make their way across Tower Green to the Chapel Royal in the Tower, St Peter ad Vincula, brilliantly clad in their state uniforms of scarlet and gold.

ECHOES OF GREAT POMP



THE TOWER OF LONDON has been keeping watch over London for over 900 years, and the Yeoman Warders have been keeping watch over the Tower of London for nearly as long. This proud body of men, every one of whom must be a veteran soldier with at least 22 years service, regard themselves as the oldest corps in the world still engaged on its original duties. They figure in almost everybody's mental picture of London, with their splendid scarlet costume and boldly carried partizans.

The uniform dates back to the reign of Edward VI, when, through the offices of the Duke of Somerset, who had been well treated during a spell of imprisonment in the Tower, 15 Warders were in 1552 sworn in as Extraordinary Yeomen of the Chamber, and granted liveries identical with those of the Yeomen of the Guard—except that the Yeomen Warders have no crossbelt, as they did not carry carbine or arquebuss.

The Chapel Royal's new professional choir assembles in the crypt before services and then is led by the chaplain, the Reverend Stanley Michael, round into the church. Carrying the cross, which is made from wood taken from the roof beams of the White Tower, is Yeoman Warder G. Gavey, who is also the sextant. He is 68 and has been a Yeoman Warder for over 17 years. Behind the choir singing in the church is the Blount memorial, perhaps the finest monument in St Peter ad Vincula. It dates from the 16th century and commemorates Sir Richard Blount and his son, both Lieutenants of the Tower. Beneath the chancel floor lie many victims of the axe.

The state uniform is lavishly gilt and embroidered; it is said to cost in the region of £200 and is very weighty indeed. It takes a full hour to put on, plus another hour beforehand to clean all the buttons. The state hat is of velvet, with red, white, and blue rosettes—much more elegant and expensive than the everyday hat, which is of serge with just one rosette. Medals are worn on a special very heavy pin, called a court bar, and all, whether five or 15, have to fit into a total length of eight inches. They are ranged to a uniform depth and firmly fixed so that they cannot fiddle and distract.

The ruffs are four layers thick, starched stiff as whalebone, and goffered to less than 4-inch pleats. A wavy ruff would be as great a sartorial solecism to a Yeoman Warder—whose discipline and standards are military—as dirty buttons; so the ruffs are kept stored on a steel bar which runs through the top of them and keeps them flat. When they get dirty they have to be

scrapped, as no way has yet been found to clean them and retain the pleats.

The first Yeoman Warder who can be traced by name, according to William Kent (*Encyclopaedia of London*), is one John O'London, who lived in the 14th century (the Tower's own records do not start until 1543). There are at present 38 Yeoman Warders, all of whom are under the command of the Governor, Sir Thomas Butler, and all of whom live within the walls of the Tower. Their duties now are almost entirely ceremonial, but this was not always so. Once, of course, they had charge of prisoners; and when the Tower was still used as a royal palace they had duties about the court and the king's person. Henry III was the king who had the longest period of residence in the Tower—he started the menagerie from which the Regent's Park Zoo finally evolved—and history records that he used to keep Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas "with great pomp."

Even today, on the three great Christian feast days the grim grey background of the Beauchamp Tower is brightened by the spectacle of the Yeoman Warders in state dress, led by the Governor, as they process across Tower Green to the Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula, just as they did when the king and queen of England went to service with them all those years ago.

At the Christmas Day service there are displayed on the altar of the tiny church two pieces of the coronation plate; the great gold alms dish and the wine flagon, dating from the days of William and Mary. And this year at the 11.15 service the fully professional choir, which is being developed as part of the work of the Choral Foundation for which an appeal was launched this September, will be singing the recitative and "Glory to God" from Handel's *Messiah*, thus adding the glories of music to the visual splendours of the ceremony.

URSULA ROBERTSHAW



Yeoman Warders A. Dodsworth, C. Loates, W. Russell, and G. Gavey have 113 years of army service and 32 medals between them. Right: The Governor, Sir Thomas Butler, stands between the chaplain and the Yeoman Gaoler, Mr A. Hinde. Below: The Chapel Royal in the Tower, St Peter ad Vincula.



DEATH OF A GREAT STORYTELLER



KARSH OF OTTOWA

Walt Disney has died. His works have given so much pleasure for so many years to so many people, young and old, in so many countries that the news has had something of the impact of Hans Andersen's death or even Dickens's.

He died in Burbank, California, on December 15 at the age of 65. He was born in Chicago in December 1901, his father being Irish-Canadian, his mother of German-American origin—and traces of all four strains can be seen in his work. He revealed a talent for drawing and an interest in photography early on and, after service with the American Red Cross in the First World War, took up commercial art in Kansas City. In 1923 he left with his brother Roy for Hollywood and for some years struggled against poverty in producing cartoon series of films (right). In 1927 he had some success with a series called *Oswald the Lucky Rabbit*, but it was not until

September 1928, when *Steamboat Willie*, the first Mickey Mouse with sound, appeared that he achieved real and lasting success. Thereafter the Mickey Mouse cartoons and, a little later, the *Silly Symphonies* (which burst into colour in 1932) were in demand the world over and Mickey Mouse became a household word, together with such companions as Minnie, Pluto, and—perhaps the favourite of them all—Donald Duck.

As his art deepened and his aims became more ambitious, the developments of the *Silly Symphonies* became more elaborate and various. *The Three Little Pigs* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, with their still familiar songs by Frank Churchill, immediately spring to mind, with *Bambi*, *Dumbo*, and *Pinocchio* close behind; but for many the not entirely successful *Fantasia* with its sometimes abstract visualisation of a wide variety of classical music will

always remain the most fascinating of his productions.

After the Second War Disney turned his attention to real-life nature studies, of which *The Living Desert* was the most memorable, and to non-cartoon films with living actors such as *Treasure Island* and *The Swiss Family Robinson*. After an unsuccessful feature cartoon *The Sleeping Beauty*, he made a triumphant comeback with the immensely successful *Mary Poppins*, starring Julie Andrews.

In 1955 he had branched out into an entirely different enterprise, "Disneyland," a huge amusement park in southern California, which proved a magnetic draw for visitors from all over the world and became a must for distinguished visitors to the United States, not forgetting Mr and Mrs Khrushchev. He married in 1925 Lillian Bounds, who had appeared in one of his earliest films, and they had two daughters.



A QUIZ FOR CHRISTMAS

Our contributors and our Picture Editor have devised this series of quizzes on their own subjects as a diversion for the holiday weekend. Answers to the questions and a system of scoring—for competition or personal satisfaction—are at the back of the paper, on page 37.

BOOKS

set by Iain Hamilton



- What do the following have in common? George Eliot, Karl Marx, Mrs Henry Wood.
- Who created the following, and in which books do they appear?
a Ebenezer MacCrotchet; b Bob Cratchit.
- Who was the author recently successful in a case brought by the Income Tax authorities who had sought to tax him on the market value (£15,425) of the copyright of a book which he had presented to his father before the book had been offered to a publisher?
- Which poets made the following observations on poetry?
a The truest poetry is the most feigning.
b Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality.
- What is the homophone that connects the following?
a For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
b There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.
- What are the Five Towns?
- Which Russian writers were born:
a at Sorochinsk in 1809; b in Moscow in 1821;
c in Nizhni Novgorod in 1868?
- What was Norman requested to 'phone for?
- What were the pseudonyms used by the following?
a Neil Munro; b H. H. Munro; c Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins;
d Aurore Lucile Dupin; e Emily Brontë.
- What have a The Midnight Skaters, b The Scholar Gipsy, and c Zuleika Dobson in common?

THEATRE

set by J. C. Trewin



- When (month and year), and with what play by whom, did these organisations open in London?
a the English Stage Company, at the Royal Court;
b the Royal Shakespeare Company, at the Aldwych;
c the National Theatre, at the Old Vic.
- Name three actresses (two of whom are living) who have had English theatres named after them in the last few years. And where are the theatres?
- How many speaking parts are there in a *Staircase*;
b *Rattle of a Simple Man*; c *Private Lives*; d *Ghosts*?
- What, apart from their work in the theatre, have these personages in common?
a Ben Johnson; b Paul Schofield; c Sybil Thorndyke;
d Grahame Green; e Eleanor Duse.
- Who wrote a *The Four Seasons*; b *A Slight Ache*; c *The Happy Haven*;
d *Venus Observed*?
- Where, in Shakespeare, would you look for the following characters?
a Thaliard; b A Gentle Astringer; c Joan La Pucelle; d Conrade;
e Reynaldo.

- What musical plays were based upon these three straight plays, and who were the composers?
a Lynn Riggs's *Green Grow the Lilacs*;
b Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*;
c Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*.
- Name the plays in which we find:
a a waiter whose son is a QC;
b a struggling writer whose mother is a famous actress;
c a Queen whose father was Emperor of Russia?
- Give the full Christian names of:
a Oscar Wilde; b Eugene O'Neill; c Sir Laurence Olivier;
d Sir John Gielgud; e Dame Edith Evans.
- What, where, and when (the year) a was Peter Brook's first production in London? And b what was his most recent?

ANIMALS

set by Maurice Burton



- What creature catches fish in icy waters and blows out his nose like a balloon?
- A statesman shot the monster of Lake Naivasha, in Kenya, in 1904: who was he?
- What living warm-blooded marine animal was first known from its fossil remains?
- What is the largest butterfly in the world?
- What fossil fish "came to life" in 1938, off South Africa?
- A tiger cannot stand tropical noonday heat. Why?
- Does any bird hibernate?
- The fastest land animal is the cheetah. What is its maximum speed?
- Who was the first European to see a giant panda?
- What is the largest fish in the world, and its maximum length?

MUSIC

set by Max Harrison



- The Faust legend has inspired many composers; name three works based on it.
- Which orchestral works include the following in their scores?
a canons; b a typewriter; c large iron chains; d electric sirens;
e anvils.
- The first movement of Debussy's *La Mer* is titled *De l'aube à midi sur la mer*; which minor French composer said he "liked it all, but especially the little bit at about a quarter past eleven"?
- Everyone knows Puccini's *La Bohème*, *Manon*, and *Turandot*, Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and Verdi's *Otello*, but can you name five composers who wrote other operas with the same names?
- In which pieces are the following suggested?
a donkeys; b a cat; c bees; d a lark; e frogs.
- Which Russian composers at some stage in their lives were:
a a chemistry professor; b a naval officer; c an army officer?
- Who wrote?
a 555 harpsichord sonatas; b 600 songs; c 300 flute concertos;
d 600 overtures; e works totalling Opus 1,000.
- Which compositions portray the following?
a Paris; b a range of mountains; c a cathedral submerged by the sea;
d two characters of Cervantes; e the composer's own life.

continued overleaf

A QUIZ FOR CHRISTMAS

continued

- 9 Who wrote incidental music for the following Shakespeare plays?
 a *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; b *The Tempest*; c *King Lear*;
 d *Timon of Athens*.
- 10 Unlikely as it may seem, the following are all names of old musical instruments; were they blown, struck, bowed, plucked, or what?
 a serpent; b clash pans; c rebec; d cittern; e black pudding.

MOTORING

set by Bill Hartley

- 1 You are driving along and as you approach a bend you see a car coming towards you on your side of the road. It continues to do so, and you think the driver must be drunk, asleep, or just not looking. There is no other traffic in sight. What course do you take?
- 2 How many different makes of car were to be seen at the 1966 Earls Court Motor Show?
- 3 If you see a number on a plate beneath a Bend sign, what does it mean?
- 4 What is the Ackerman System?
- 5 What is the Toll Charge on the Severn Bridge for a coach or heavy lorry, b a cycle, and c a car?
- 6 What signals should be given with indicators when negotiating a roundabout?
- 7 How many M1 motorways are there?
- 8 What is an Otto Cycle?
- 9 When should you not sound your horn?
- 10 What is the difference between a triangular road sign with the point upwards and one with the point downwards?

HISTORY

set by Sir Charles Petrie

- 1 On what occasions have there been three Kings of England in the same year, and who were they?
- 2 When and where did Spain and Russia have a common frontier?
- 3 What is the origin of the Grace Cup after dinner?
- 4 What was Paddington Fair Day?
- 5 What future Prime Minister of England won the Public Schools Fencing Championship?
- 6 What two outstanding men of letters took part in famous naval battles?
- 7 Who said, "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love"?
- 8 On what occasion did an English general in command of a Franco-Spanish army defeat a French general in command of an Anglo-Dutch-Portuguese one?
- 9 Who was "Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart"?
- 10 Who wrote, "Such phantoms as the dignity of man, the dignity of labour, are the needy products of slavery hiding itself from itself"?

GARDENING

set by Edward Hyams

- 1 Soil analysis of your new garden reveals that it has a pH of 7.8. Which of the following would you avoid planting?
 a Paeonies, roses, rhododendrons, hydrangeas, daphne, *Erica carnea* varieties, camellias.
- 2 When, whence, and by whom were the following introduced to British gardening?
 a Sweet peas; b *Berberis darwini*; c *Eucryphia glutinosa*.
- 3 Who created the following great gardens?
 a Stourhead; b the Villa d'Este; c Annes Grove; d Caerhays;
 e Bodnant; f the Villa Taranto; g Dartington Hall; h Nymans.
- 4 You require a single tree or shrub for vivid autumn red; which of the following would you choose as best for your purpose?
 a *Cornus mas*, *Disanthus cercidifolius*, *Acer griseum*, *Rhus cotinus*, *Rhododendron luteum*.
- 5 Which of the following is a true lily?
 a Jersey lily, b Kaffir lily, c Arum lily, d Madonna lily, e Calla lily, f lily of the valley, g lily of Laguna.
- 6 Some gardeners think it unwise to prune roses in November/December and prefer to do it in March. Why?

- 7 To which of the following six rhododendrons do the following six characters apply?

RR. *giganteum*; *impeditum*; *sinogrande*; *nobileanum*; *auriculatum*; *angustifolium*.

Has nearest to blue flowers; may attain 80 feet; flowers in August; rarely exceeds six inches in height; often flowers in December; has leaves up to a yard long.

- 8 You propose to plant a chamomile lawn. What kind of chamomile would you use, and why?

9 What is the flower colour of *Geranium pratense*, *Lobelia syphillitica*, *Omphalodes cappadocica*, *Meconopsis grandis* "Prain", *Hebe x* "Alicia Amherst", *Cerastium willmottiana*?

- 10 Ives climb by means of aerial roots by which they cling to their supporting tree or wall. There are other plants that do this. Name a hydrangea, b a rhododendron, and c a fig with this habit.

ARCHAEOLOGY

set by Edward Bacon

- 1 What is a ziggurat? And why?
- 2 What is the difference between a Mesopotamian ziggurat and an Elamite one?
- 3 What is the peculiar feature of the Great Temple at Abu Simbel; and will it be preserved when the temple is recreated on the new site?
- 4 What ancient site has produced "brandy balloons" with wild goats painted on them?
- 5 What is a *depas amphikupellon* and in what materials was it made? And what ancient author mentions it?
- 6 What and where is a a brooch; b a nuraghe?
- 7 What island has the greatest concentration of statue-menhirs? And what famous novelist first wrote about them?

NEWS PICTURES

set by Robin Alp



- 1 Who are the two Heads of State who met behind shutters in January?



- 5 What is this girl doing and where was she?
- 6 Where is this girl and what caused her despair?

- 8 What is the popular name of *Zinjanthropus boisei*?
- 9 Who solved the mystery of the Cretan Linear-B script and in what language was it written?
- 10 What animal has done most to complicate radiocarbon dating?

ART

set by Andrew Causey

- 1 This year retrospective exhibitions have been given at the Tate Gallery to five artists. Who are they?
- 2 Listed below are the titles of seven famous European paintings, or sets of paintings, one from each century from the 14th onwards. You are asked to put the seven in chronological order, naming the artist if known, and as closely as possible the date.
 a *The Night Watch*; b *Marriage à la Mode*;
 c *Les Femmes d'Alger*; d the Wilton Diptych;
 e *The Death of Sardanapalus*; f the Isenheim Altarpiece;
 g *Giovanni Arnolfini and his Wife*.
- 3 Listed below are a number of *pensées* on art by important figures of the 19th century. Ascribe them to their correct authors.
 a Art is a jealous mistress, and, if a man have a genius for painting, poetry, music, architecture or philosophy, he makes a bad husband.
 b All art is quite useless.
 c Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen.
 d Everything passes. Robust Art alone is eternal.
- 4 a Only one English painter has been raised to the peerage on account of his art. Who was he? b Two British artists hold the Order of Merit, and one is a Companion of Honour. Who are they?
- 5 A number of pictures were confiscated recently by the police from an exhibition in London. a Who was the painter? b What was the gallery?
- 6 What are a gouache; b impasto; c tempera?



- 2 What was significant about the sailing when the *Canberra* left Southampton docks?



- 3 Where is this place that the Duke of Edinburgh visited in March?



- 4 What is this beach scene?



- 7 Who is this tennis player and what was the event?



- 8 Where was President Johnson on this occasion?



- 9 Who are these children cheering and where were they?



- 10 How many were killed in this pile-up and what was the place?

- 7 Where can you see the following?

- a Rembrandt's *A Man in Armour*;
 b Millais's *Ophelia*;
 c Van Dyck's triple portrait of Charles I;
 d Rubens's *Chapeau de Paille*;
 e Landseer's *Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner*.
- 8 Peter Blake and David Hockney both studied at the same school. Which one?
- 9 How old was Titian when he painted his first major work, *Sacred and Profane Love*?
- 10 Of what famous painting is this a detail?



TRAVEL

set by David D. Tennant

- 1 By what names are these cities now known?
 a Heligborg; b Christiania; c Smyrna; d Danzig.
- 2 Name the southernmost point of Africa.
- 3 Besides being inland salt seas, what have the following in common?
 a Caspian Sea, Dead Sea, Sea of Galilee, Salton Sea (California).
- 4 Which of these cities is farthest north?
 a Aberdeen, b Vladivostok, c Montreal, d Moscow.
- 5 All lakes in Scotland are called lochs—except one. Can you name it?
- 6 What and where is Adam's Bridge?
- 7 One of these "isles" is out of place. Which is it and why?
 a Isle of Sheppey, b Isle of Portland, c Isle of Thanet, d Isle of Dogs.
- 8 Canada has ten provinces. Can you name the smallest?
- 9 In what country would you be if you were invited to the home of a Father of the Valley?
- 10 The city of New York is made up of five boroughs of which Staten Island is one. Can you name the other four?



As icon painting becomes increasingly popular its evident affinities with certain ideas in modern art will be noted. The essential spiritual basis of this art form, however, belongs almost wholly to the past.

THE ART OF MAN'S SUBSERVIENCE



THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL, by P. Sarakinopoulos, c. 1550.



FEMALE SAINT, a Balkan religious folk painting, c. 1700.

ONLY IN THE PAST FEW DECADES have collectors in western Europe become aware of icon paintings. In the last few years prices have begun to rise quite fast, but there is still much uncertainty about the way icons should be looked at. Museums rarely display them as paintings, often placing them within the rather nebulous category of *objets d'art*. All this seems strange in an age when artists have cast their nets much wider in the search for sources of artistic inspiration, but in fact even now there is only one gallery in London dealing in icon painting. It is the Temple Gallery in Yeomans Row and these pictures are taken from its Christmas exhibition, which continues until January 25. Prices range from 30 shillings to several thousand pounds; those shown here cost about £10. A large section of the exhibition is devoted to Balkan religious folk art of the 18th century, of which the *Female Saint* reproduced here is an example.

The tradition of icon painting stretches from the ascendancy of Byzantium to the 19th century, an unbroken history which is without

parallel in the art of the last two thousand years. That an art form with such a stable background should be becoming popular just at the moment when the whole idea of tradition in art is under fire seems odd. The post-Renaissance cult of artistic personality is just now reaching a new climax. The icon tradition is essentially anonymous, not just because the passing of time has deprived us of possible knowledge, but because icon painters cast themselves in the humble role of servants to a continuous tradition. What is it, then, that rivets our attention on this tradition?

The *Holy Trinity* reproduced here is a copy of Rublev's famous prototype in the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow. Icons were copied because innovation was not then a prerequisite of artistic merit. Further, some icons were descended from prototypes thought to be painted by other than human hands, so that innovation would have verged on blasphemy. The smaller icon, painted for the individual home, in a sense represented the power of God in that home; it was the



ANANIAS, ASARIAS AND MISAIL, Russian, 17th century.

family altarpiece far more than a mere decoration; an aid to communication with God rather than just a reminder of the Christian religion. The icon easily came to be looked upon as divinely inspired.

The gulf between the spiritual basis of icon painting and the predominantly humanist standpoint of today's art of self-expression is considerable. The common ground lies in their shared reaction against materialism. The non-materialism of icon painting—expressed in strong non-natural colours, and constantly varying perspectives based on convenience and accepted orders of importance rather than consistent mathematics—is obvious, and would draw nothing but praise from most modern painters. On the other hand the formal aspects of icon painting are basically irrelevant when separated from the religious meaning. The formal harmonies (seen to perfection in the superb *Raising of Lazarus*) complement the majesty and balanced, hieratic stillness which stem from unquestioning subservience to a religious tradition.

ANDREW CAUSEY



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS, Russian, c. 1400.



THE HOLY TRINITY, Russian, 16th century.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YEAR

Awards in the British Press Pictures of the Year Competition for 1966 were due to be presented in London on December 19. The title of British Press Photographer of the Year was won by Chris Smith of the Sun. Sponsorship of the competition was taken over from the Encyclopaedia Britannica by the Rank Organisation in 1965. A total of 3,758 photographs and transparencies were submitted by 482 Press photographers. On these pages and overleaf is a selection of winning entries.



"The Face of Grief" by F. S. Charman of the Sunday Mirror won the first award in the Royal category. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were in conversation with an Aberfan schoolmaster who lost his wife and two children in the disaster. The picture brilliantly conveys the Queen's anguish and concern.



"Prayer Meeting—Commando Style," by Geoffrey White of the Daily Sketch, won the first award in the Feature category. The men are of the Royal Marines on duty in the Radfan area, close to the Yemen border. The padre in his white surplice is a curiously, surrealist figure of peace dramatically framed by the submachine gun and semi-circle of fighting men on duty.



First award in the News category was won with "Aberfan" (left) by Melville Parry, aged 18, a first-year trainee photographer of the Merthyr Express. It was one of the first photographs taken of the disaster, not more than an hour after the No. 7 colliery above the village slid down to engulf Pantglas school.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YEAR *continued*



The first award in the Sport category, "Eusebio Weeps," by Derek Millward, Press Association, shows Portugal's star player after his team's defeat in the World Cup semi-final.



These photographs (right and below) are two of a series called "Motor Racing is Dangerous" that won David Davies of the Daily Mail the first award in the Black-and-White Sequence category. The series was made as part of a magazine survey to find out why, even though they have crashed, racing drivers always return to the sport.



The photographs on this page were taken by Chris Smith (above), of the Sun, who won the title of British Press Photographer of the Year for 1966 for the best portfolio of ten photographs. "Rough Waters" (left) was taken during the 1966 canoeing championship. "Over the Top" (below left) during the FA Cup semi-final at Villa Park; and "Correcting a Skid to the Left" (below) of Mr Edward Heath trying out a roller-skater board during the last General Election campaign.



THE JERUSALEM OF JESUS

On this day all minds and hearts are turned to Jerusalem, the Holy City where Jesus studied, taught, was tried and suffered. All ancient cities are difficult to visualise, Jerusalem in its present divided state more than most. It is therefore most satisfactory that in the grounds of the Holyland Hotel, facing Mount Zion in Jerusalem, a 1:50 scale model has been built of the city at its most splendid; in about 68 A.D., the city, to all purposes that Jesus knew, and that Herod the Great built. Two years later, it was besieged and fell to the Roman, Titus.



Over this arched viaduct, Jesus must frequently have passed on his way to the Temple (right). It is known today as Robinson's Arch, being named after the British explorer-scholar, Edward Robinson (1794-1863) who discovered the eastern head of the 350-foot-long viaduct. It bridges the Tyropoeon Valley and leads into the Temple precincts. The Walling Wall lies over to the right. Human figures in the background give some idea of the scale of this huge model city, whose ramparts stretch for more than 250 yards. The stone used in the model is the same as that used in Herod's Jerusalem, even including Sicilian marble.



The Temple (right) was unfinished at the time the photograph was taken but is due for completion early in 1967. Herod the Great took more than 25 years to build this vast complex. When Titus captured Jerusalem in 70 A.D. he ordered its destruction, but it appears that his orders were not in the main carried out, the complete destruction not taking place until after Bar Kochba's revolt 60 years later. In the foreground of this view are the 15 semicircular steps where the Levites sang. Above them is the Nicanor Gate, leading to the Court of the Israelites and to the Court of the Priests, where the Passover lambs were killed.



A guide, standing inside the model, points out a detail in Herod's Palace, where, according to one tradition, Jesus was tried by Pilate. In the background are the Tower of Antonia and the market. The Palace reflected Herod's Hellenistic tastes.

The three tower-forts (above left) were built by Herod and named Hippicus (left), Mariamne (centre), and Phasaël. In the foreground is the mausoleum of John Hyrcanus, the Hasmonean king of Judaea, who died in the year 103 bc.

The tomb (left) of the Hasmonean king, Alexander Jannaeus, with the northern ramparts behind. This is near the traditional site of the Pool of Bethesda, where Christ commanded the sick man to take up his bed and walk.

THEATRE

Selfishness and how to cure it

AMONG MY COLLECTION of programmes is one of the first production of *On Approval*, described unexpectedly as "a farce." This, I think, was because Tom Walls presented it and knew the value of the word at that date: spring 1927.

A very young playgoer then, I have never forgotten the original quartet. It is the warmest praise to say that the present revival (St Martin's) is fully as good, and that in future Michael Denison's Duke will march with Donald Squire's. Lonsdale, I believe, wrote the first draft very early in his career; but *On Approval*, comic study in selfishness and how to cure it, must always be for us a glittering comedy of the 20s—with farcical overtones, of course, but, first of all, an exhibition of the relishing theatrical invective Lonsdale always enjoyed.

We can call it a comedy of bad manners, scored—with the most watchful accuracy—for two couples. The wealthy widow and the insufferable Duke are among Lonsdale's most selfish people. Set against them are the Duke's admirer, a young heiress who will soon change her mind, and Richard, the widow's diffident admirer, a £300-a-year man considering an income of £25,000. Briefly, widow arranges to take Richard to her Scottish country house "on approval"—all is most decorous—Duke and heiress arrive there as well, and we get an ingeniously manoeuvred change of partners, with the famous last curtain. The selfish pair, irrevocably marooned together, contemplate the horrors of a snow-bound month quite alone (it will seem to them like the eternity of *Huis Clos*), and the Duke says, in effect: "Only the snow will want to come in. You needn't lock your door."

When I write of a Lonsdale comedy I remember the American sword-swallower who also swallowed neon tubes and asked whether they shone through his chest. "M'boy," he was assured, "you shone up like a jack o'lantern. It's a lovely act." We can say that yet of Lonsdale's people. Their wit can glow under stage lighting; and I hold now (having changed my mind across the years) that *On Approval* is the sharpest of the comedies, better than *Mrs Cheyne*. It can be very funny indeed, and it has at the St Martin's four players who do all that is wanted: Michael Denison, gloriously caddish as George, Duke of Bristol, a creation much loved by Lonsdale; Dulcie Gray as the widow, selfishness in platinum, and with an eye to threaten and command; Robert Flemyng, who finds himself, to his delight, a rebel; and Polly Adams, happily fresh and determined. In Murray Macdonald's production the slanging matches conquer as they did when they were new; there ought to be a long run here.

After dukes, a whole pack of mixed kings and queens: the Birmingham Repertory's revival of **1066 And All That**, adapted by Reginald Arkell from Sellar and Yeatman's "memorable history." The book may be unfamiliar to a new generation; but its stage version has much of its old ring in the theatre where it was bred at Sir Barry Jackson's zenith. At this remove, the music (by Alfred Reynolds) seems to be the most durable feature; but Arkell could write easy lyrics, and the affair (under Peter Dews) flicks along, discreetly modernised now and then, from Julius Caesar to stratospheric travel. Colin Farrell is the Common Man, in trouble throughout history, and Benjamin Whitrow is the compère who explains it all.

How does he explain it? Largely in



On Approval (St Martin's): Caddish Duke and redoubtable widow (Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray) lead in Lonsdale's comedy.



1066 And All That (Birmingham Repertory): The Mayor, with Canute behind him, on the beach in Sellar and Yeatman's revue.

wordplay and puns. Thus, Richard the First, "whenever he returned to England, always set out again exclusively to the Mediterranean and was therefore known as Richard Gare de Lyon." Drake says: "Philip of Spain wrote to the Queen and complained that I'd singed his Spanish Mane. I replied that I was in my hammock at the time, and a thousand miles away." And: "That brings us to the Civil Wars between the Cavaliers who were wrong but romantic, and the Roundheads who were right but repulsive." And so on. Simple, certainly, but useful enough at Christmas, especially with a good deal of song and dance. The Birmingham company (in sets by Finlay James) have a brisk time with *Bad Kings*, *Good Kings*, *Good Things*, and *Memorable Sayings*.

Now, I am afraid, my compliments are practically exhausted. I have seldom been more startled than to read, in an august newspaper, a review of *The Lion and the Jewel* (Royal Court) which put it not far short of a masterpiece. Could it have looked like that from the front rows? Glumly, I doubt it. What I saw and heard from the middle of the house was a mild and artless Nigerian comedy, with an occasional good line, a few dances, and a cast—endearing, I agree—that offered a drowsy charm instead of technique.

Charm, yes (observe Hannah Bright-Taylor); but these enterprising visitors and their dramatist, Wole Soyinka, have still much to learn, especially in the all-important matter of projection. Maybe we shall watch their progress on later

visits to the Court.

Recalling with pleasure my previous visit to an International Theatre Club production at the Mercury, I have to suppose now that the next play will be better. Meantime, I cannot be excited about Leo Aylen's **Hutch-Builder to Her Majesty**, a muddled modern version of the tale of Jonah. Thoroughly sincere, it does not register in the theatre: I remember little but a rapid impression of a ship in a storm. James Bridie's rendering of the tale of Jonah remains theatrically definitive (why does not somebody revive this, and several of the Bridie plays?); and though Mr Aylen's programme goes into my collection, I am afraid it will not mean, in years ahead, what my Lonsdale original means to me today.

J. C. TREWIN

CINEMA

Black and white



Les Fêtes Galantes (Cinephone): In René Clair's new film Jean-Pierre Cassel plays the gay soldier Jolicoeur who is secretly in love with a princess (Geneviève Casile.)

A LONELY, DIVORCED young woman with a child marries a Negro. His parents object but eventually accept the marriage and the young family lives with them on their farm. Four years later the first husband discovers that the daughter he abandoned as a baby is living in a Negro household and starts court proceedings for the custody of the little girl. This is the crunch in **One Potato Two Potato** (Cameo-Poly): should the little girl be happy with her mother and Negro stepfather or should she forfeit this security for the social advantages which the judge feels she will lose later if she is brought up among Negroes.

The film succeeds in making the point that to a child the colour of a man's skin means nothing but that love and loving are vital. This may sound clichéd and indeed certain passages of the film are obvious and corny. When they are courting, the Negro (Bernie Hamilton) and the wife (Barbara Barrie) play hopscotch and tag in the park, which is a clumsy way of showing the child-like innocence of their love. These lapses are quickly minimised by the understanding performance of Miss Barrie, which transcends the dialogue. The appalling reality of the situation is more than brought home to us by the last few minutes of the film: the little girl is taken away by her father and as she leaves sobbing "Mummy have I been a naughty girl?" she suddenly turns back and hits at her mother again and again. And the mother does not move, only cries, understanding so well her daughter's rage. It is as if she has just been forbidden to love her mother.

Another sort of forbidden love is dealt with in **My Sister, My Love**, (Curzon). Set in the 18th century this Swedish film tells of the incestuous relationship of an aristocratic brother and sister (Per Oscarsson and Bibi Andersson). And like **One Potato, Two Potato** the cleverness of the film is in the way the director and actors use contrasts. The brother and sister's incestuous love is gentle and beautiful and their intimacy has a special quality of honesty; after observing them thus in a hayloft the camera turns to a peasant woman walking with her vast retarded son, born out of a similar relationship. What also

is impressive is the unstable and determined facet of the sister's character. She wants total commitment, to go away and start a new life with her brother as his wife. But he is not strong enough—or weak enough—and so she decides for him. She will stay and go through with her marriage to the King's minister even though she is pregnant.

The characters are accurately observed and the director allows his protagonists both to love and hate each other, while the sister's husband and the brother's girlfriend feel both triumph and exclusion.

We all participate in René Clair's new film **Les Fêtes Galantes** (Cinephone), which is likewise set in the 18th century and sub-titled "The Pleasures of War." Sometime, somewhere, Le Prince de Beaulieu and Le Maréchal d'Alenbourg are having a gentlemanly war (they break for a lunch at midday). The prince is in the commanding position, for his private army has holed up the Maréchal and his forces in a large and virtually impregnable castle. What the fight is about is never made clear, and most of this comedy is concerned with the enterprising attempts of one of the soldiers (Jean-Pierre Cassel) to arrange for the whole thing to be called off, with the minimum loss of face for the two parties concerned.

As one would expect from René Clair the film is elegant, polished, and beautifully photographed (in Eastman-color). But somehow it does not quite come off, there is a lack of urgency; it is just one more elaborate charade, very lightweight and occasionally very amusing.

JAMES ASTOR

Revivals: Buster Keaton in *The General*, Arne Sucksdorff's *The Great Adventure*, and *The Hoffnung Symphony Orchestra* (Everyman, Hampstead, December 26–January 6); Peter Sellers in *The Battle of the Sexes* (Classic, Croydon, December 26–January 1); King Vidor's *War and Peace*, with Audrey Hepburn (Classic, Baker Street, December 26–January 1); the Beatles in *A Hard Day's Night* (Classic, Waterloo, December 26–January 1); Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet in *The Mask of Demetrius* (National Film Theatre, December 26).

GARDENING

Kew in midwinter

PERHAPS IT WOULD NOT OCCUR to everyone to pay a visit to Kew Gardens on a very wet afternoon in the second half of December. Doubtless there are people so devoted to winter-flowering cherries that they might go for them only, or for them and the very beginning of the hamamelis flower. For my part I like to stay under cover when the rain is not only falling hard but falling cold. This does not stop me from going to Kew in December; an umbrella to cover one from greenhouse to greenhouse is the only special winter equipment necessary. And since it would take many pages to give an account of what one can see in a short winter afternoon, I can offer only an impression of the off-season pleasures of the world's greatest botanic garden.

Anthurium andreanum plants were flowering in the Aroid house, which is quite near to the main gates. I believe that people who are good at the house plants I have been writing about lately can grow these in a room; but they must like it damp, for the humidity was so high in that house that water was dropping from some of the gigantic leaves of the colossal philodendrons which climb the stanchions and make it so dark that one can be sure that the plants growing below them do not need much light. The anthuriums had spathes like vermilion, pink, or white patent leather.

There is a Fern house less than a minute's walk from the Aroid house (where, I forgot to mention, there were some extraordinary billbergias in fantastic flower), and I found that, also, full of interest. Ferns achieve every shade of green, the very darkest—almost black—being not in this Fern house, which is on the way to Decimus Burton's lovely Palm House, my general objective, but in the new Filmy Fern house adjoining the Orangery. And there are some lovely silver-greens: the most notable of these was a small fern with a big name, *Pityrogramma chrysophylla* (if it is wrong, bear with me, there was steam on my glasses). This was most delicately "cut" and as to colour reminded me of the silver wellington boots which are fashionable gear in the low-number SW postal districts of London. Another silvery one was a stag's horn fern *Platy-cerum veitchii*; and I had not realised how many climbing ferns there.

House number four, further along the way I wanted to go, was what my old nanny used to call a sight for sore eyes on such a dismal day. The bank of narcissus just inside the door filled the house with sweet scent, and the yellow trumpet flowers of *Reinwardtia tricina*, with golden light. And these were not the best of it: *Camellia magnoliaeflora* was in full flower across a path from a subtly coloured abutilon called "Cynthia Pike." But the most exciting things in the house, at least to me, were two hybrid lapagerias whose very existence I had not suspected. One of them, labelled simply *Lapageria rosea* x *L. rosea albiflora*, was a most lovely shade of light flesh-pink and the flowers very large; the other was a cultivar called "Doctor Bullock" and was white with the petal edges stained and stippled crimson. It seems that the only reason why these two beauties have not been distributed is that they have proved extremely difficult to propagate. What else? There was a gorgeous blue-flowered plant called *Pycnostachys urticifolia* which was new to me, and the most magnificent coleus I have ever seen; not one of those with coloured leaves—the leaves were green—but with enormous branched racemes of royal-blue flowers,

the plants being about four or five feet tall, full and bushy. Superb begonias, of course, notably a ten-footer with great flesh-pink flower clusters called x "Lucerna." The house was also rich in poinsettias, the most vivid of which, with very substantial bracts, was called "Advent Star."

Still nearer to my favourite work of English architecture the Palm house, house number ten in the T-range held me longer than I realised. But what to mention? There were some fine specimens of a plant one sees sometimes in good indoor gardens, *Dracaena terminalis*, with leaves the size and shape of those on a good aspidistra, but crimson and purple and growing from a stout stem. For the children (though I cannot pretend I did not enjoy the sight of it), a fine banana plant was in fruit.

From this house you make your way, all under cover, into some of the Orchid houses. There too there was a fine display of flower. Very striking was a plant of *Phaius tancarvilleae* which had four or five four-foot erect spikes of flower, many flowers to a spike, the flowers like huge moths coloured buff, cream, and crimson. But the odontiodas were providing the best of the display: one, called *bohnhoffiae*, had many very graceful sprays of pale crimson flowers marbled with fine white lines; another was scarlet and yellow, a third brown and yellow, a fourth had larger, white flowers speckled and blotched with pale chocolate, and another white was marbled with mauve lines and blotches. But lovely though they all were, these odontiodas, none of them could compare with a pure white calanthe—*morrisii* was the specific name—which, granted that I have a special taste for white flowers, had a grace unmatched by any other orchid I saw.

It is the practice at Kew to indicate on a notice-board inside the gates the names of the most interesting things to see on that particular day, and where they can be found. One of these, on the day of my visit, was *Jasminum rex*, a tropical jasmine with wide-open trumpet flowers about two inches across, pure white. It is from Siam and, although scentless, surely the most magnificent of its genus. I have walked past it a hundred times, but never before seen it in flower. And that is another reason for visiting Kew in midwinter: that one sees, especially in the houses, plants in flower which one had formerly noticed only as rather dull evergreens. In that respect, it is true, the Cactus house, in which I found myself more or less by accident, let me down—there was nothing in flower, but that hardly matters in a genus, or rather a family of genera, so remarkable for their shapes, and for diversity of shape. This Cactus house, the new Filmy Fern house, the new 17th-century garden (which is not yet completed), and in general the maintenance of the gardens (now impeccable), and a dozen other things I have no room to mention, bear witness to the excellence of the present administration of the gardens. They are once again what, for a while, not so many years ago, they threatened to cease being, incomparably the finest botanical gardens in the world; even the Gas Board are helping; the removal of a gas-generating plant elsewhere has so reduced the content of SO₂ in the air that pollution is much less of a problem than it was and many plants survive which used formerly to be killed by it. Nothing else may be going well with our great national institutions, but Kew is on the up-grade.

The Palm house? It was dark before I reached it.

EDWARD HYAMS

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

AN APPRECIATION

The many facets of truth

Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men, by Joseph Spence. Oxford University Press, 2 volumes, £7 10s.

IT IS RECORDED that Garvin once asked a Northcliffe aide what was essential for a perfect gossip paragraph, and was told, "It must primarily concern a well-known person and an activity in which most readers will for one reason or another be interested"; to which the then editor of the *Observer* added "and it must be completely untrue." Judged by Garvin's standards Joseph Spence in the early 18th century would have been the ideal gossip-writer for one of Northcliffe's newspapers in the early 20th. Much of the evil that he did lived after him, for the little-tattle which he recorded has only too often been accepted by historians as sober fact; not, indeed, that the blame necessarily rests with Spence, for he merely attested down to his ears, and did not vouch for its accuracy.

A classic instance is the accession of George I, and hence he relied mainly on Francis Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, and chaplain to the Hanoverian monarch. What happened on that first day of

August, 1714, when Queen Anne died at Kensington Palace is certainly obscure. In particular some mystery attends a packet of the Queen's private papers which the Regents for George said they burnt in accordance with instructions in her will: namely that they were burnt at once, but there were strong rumours that among them was a document leaving the crown to her brother, the titular James III. The truth is never likely to be discovered now, but a generation which remembers the episode of Hindenburg's will may well be sceptical of the official story, for the Regents, most of them Whigs, were in much the same position as Hitler, and they were at least as unscrupulous.

Spence goes even further, declaring that the Ormonde, Atterbury, and the Earl Marischal of Scotland met to discuss the proclamation of James, and that Atterbury offered it necessary to protect his own Bishop's sleeves at the trial of Rochester, but Ormonde, then Commander-in-Chief, wished first to consult the Council; whereupon, "Damn it, Sir," says Atterbury in a great heat, "he did not value swearing," "you very well know that things have been been concerted enough for that yet, and

that we have not a moment to lose."

This dramatic story is almost certainly untrue for there is very little evidence for the meeting, and none at all for Atterbury's habitual use of bad language, though he was admittedly a hot-tempered man. Lockier is further quoted as saying that "the late King (George I.) I am fully persuaded, would not have stirred a foot if there had been a strong opposition. Indeed, this family did not expect this crown at least nobody in it but the old Princess Sophia." One would like to have further evidence on this point too.

At the same time his anecdotes, even if unfounded, often throw a good deal of light upon the way in which the great figures of his day were regarded by their contemporaries. He paints a very attractive picture, for example, of Turenne who was one of the more humane generals of that, or any other, age, and in marked contrast with Condé, who observed after a battle in which the French had suffered heavy casualties, "What signifies moralising so much about the matter, since the night at Passend will make it all up again?" The men of letters appear as definitely vindictive, especially Pope, who remarked of Prior that he "was not

a right good man; he used to bury himself for whole days and nights with a pen in his mouth, and often drank hard"; while on Harley he commented that he "was not a very capable minister, and had a good deal of negligence into the bargain," which recalls Stanley Baldwin in more recent times. How right Dr Johnson was when he said, "How foolish it was in Pope to give all his friendships to Londoners, and such such Lords as Burlington, and Cobham, and Bolingbroke!"

The last-named was a member of the circle in which Spence moved, and he comes out of these anecdotes, especially Pope's, better than he deserved, but it is quite untrue to say that he "quitted the Pretender because he found him incapable of making a good prince." He was in actual fact dismissed by James, who was surely justified in taking this step when it is remembered that the Earl of Stair, the British ambassador to the King of France, reported to London that he babbled out the Jacobite secrets, and added that the exiled statesman spent upon his mistress, Claude de Tencin, the money which James had entrusted to his care. Of Bolingbroke's brilliance there can be no doubt, and he

end, of course, Burns emerges from the scrutiny undiminished. "As a man," says Mr Dent, "he knew about his weaknesses and admitted them—far more than his contemporaries do today." And as a poet, "there are times—there are moments—when we cease to wonder why the entire Scottish nation should be so besotted with him." Much of the world, indeed, is besotted with him; and the English reader who loses himself in these attractive pages will soon see why.

But why does Mr Dent, in chiding those who too consciously ignore the elegiac verse-form much used by Burns as the "Burns stanza," attribute its invention to Robert Ferguson? How could he come to forget *The Life and Death of Habbie Simson, the Piper of Kilbarcan*, written a century and more before Ferguson's birth? Because Kilbarcan is in the county that marches with Ayrshire in the north—Renfrewshire? My own county, as it happens. Watch out, Mr Dent: there are Kilbarcan men who won't take that sort of slight from a Carrick man, even a big one like yourself.

Burns is no remote figure to Ayrshiremen like Mr Dent, who looks the poet in the eye like a brochure and observes that his large and obvious virtues do not wholly excuse the vice with which, no doubt, explains the "overpraised" in the opening sentence. And it is true that the fanatical adulation of Burns in Scotland long ago generated a sort of cult, and that the very great difficulties in its recognising the universal qualities of his best poetry, the indifferent qualities of his worst, and the complexities of his character. Mr Dent shows us Burns in the context of his time and against an idealised background of 18th-century Ayrshire and Edinburgh. He does this with a wealth of quotation from contemporary documents of all sorts to support his own insight. The result is vivid; it imagines a few ferocious clivists wishing him in the claws of Auld Cloutie; such enthusiasm has been there and unreservedly praise or wholly condemn the poet's womanising and boozing so long as one upholds the notion that every man of his work of genius. Mr Dent's affection and admiration neither paralysed his critical faculty nor obliged him to suppress that of others. But in the

had displayed it to the full during the negotiations leading up to the Treaty of Utrecht, but he was utterly unprincipled both in public and private life, while he was always prone to lose his head in an emergency.

Of the females with whom Spence consorted the shrewdest was clearly Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, if only because she said, "I would never be acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke, because I always looked upon him as a vile man." From childhood she had moved in literary circles, and it is said that when she was a little girl her father took her to a meeting of the Kit-Kit Club where she was toasted, and passed from the lap of one distinguished man to another. Her considered opinion was that "Addison was the best company in the world; I never knew anybody that had so much wit as Congreve; Sir Richard Steele was a very good natured man; and Dr Gorth a very worthy one."

Enough has been said to show that there is much good reading in this book, which is also well edited, but it is to be hoped that its re-publication will do nothing to give further credence to the many myths for which it was originally responsible. CHARLES PETRIE

recognisable. *The Frog Prince* is a stout volume of 196 pages with 69 new poems in it and many from earlier works. Like Betjeman also, she is profoundly aware of the fires that rage and roar under the matchboarding of our self-assured civilisation. Unlike him, her verse is hit or miss in its technique. When it hits, it stings; when it misses, one hears only an oddly flat whirling. The line drawings which accompany the poems are hit or miss also in the same way.

Kipling the poet receives only a brief chapter in J. I. M. Stewart's biographical and critical study. This is disappointing. Perhaps he considered that Kipling's reputation as a poet has been adequately, or more than adequately, restored by T. S. Eliot. Obviously Mr Stewart considered Kipling's prose much more interesting in its steady technical development than the more or less fixed idiom of the verse, in which, he says, "the words are used to build up a powerful rhetoric, but not in that kind of subtle interaction, exploiting alike their sensuous and associative potentialities, which distinguishes poetry proper."

Anyone can recognise Kipling's quality as a craftsman, and Mr Stewart's study will certainly help to open the eyes of prejudice (like my own, I confess) to the profoundly intuitive sense of the past and the acute awareness of the destructive forces forever pressing on civilisation that made him first the laureate of imperialism and then the diehard mourner of the *post-britannica*. Extra Pound was *il miglior fabbro* to T. S. Eliot. This was a gesture of thanks to Pound for the critical advice that helped Eliot to find his own voice and that cut *The Waste Land* to the shape we know. Whatever one's opinion of Pound's political and economic views, his influence as a creator of the modern movement is undeniable, like his immense generosity in publicising the work of others. Mr Goodwin demonstrates that his stylistic influence on poets of his own and younger generations has been very large, but for the most part indirect, and that his view of the world has commended itself to them not at all.

IAN HAMILTON

A sculptor's drawings



For a few years after 1947, Barbara Hepworth's drawings were prolific and varied. Figure drawings were more important than before. In 1948, she began the series of architectural drawings, of doctors in an operating theatre. Lisa Holmes Tea-cup dates from 1949.

Stringed Figure is one of her most recent works, and belongs to the group of drawings which have lunar and tidal associations. Most of them were made by the sea, in a studio which overlooks the Atlantic beach of Portlorn, in Cornwall.

"For me, the whole art of sculpture is the fusion of these two elements—the balance of sensation and evocation of man in this universe." In a new book, *Drawings from a Sculptor's Landscape* (Cory, Adams & Mackay, £4 10s) some of the sketches incidental to Barbara Hepworth's sculpture are reproduced. She contributes an autobiographical essay full of remarks like the one above: full, too, of enthusiasm for the surroundings—the West Riding, St Ives, Greece—which have meant most to her as a sculptor. "In Greece the inspiration was fantastic. I ran up the hills like a hare, with my notebook, to get there first and have the total impact of solitude." Clearest of all is the consistency of her attitude to landscape, a consistency which is evident in every sculpture she has made. She thinks of it as cradling her in its arms, of being embraced by land and seascape. And so her sculptures look best, and most natural when they are enfolded by grass and trees. The drawings came in fiftieth bursts, feeling out ways she was to follow up in her sculpture. M. D.

NEW NONFICTION

Old Scotia's grandeur

The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse, chosen by John MacQueen and Tom Scott. Oxford University Press, 45s.

Burns In His Time, by Alan Dent. Nelson, 60s.

High And Low, by John Betjeman. Murray, 15s.

The Frog Prince And Other Poems, by Stevie Smith. Longmans, 30s.

Runeated Kipling, by J. I. M. Stewart. Gollancz, 28s.

The Influence Of Ezra Pound, by K. L. Goodwin. Oxford University Press, 30s.

ANTHOLOGISTS see themselves as communicating their own informed pleasure to a wide public. Reviewers see them first as standing up to be shot at. Such is life. And such is the nature of Scottish literary discourse that it says a lot for my liking of the work of John MacQueen and I am Scott that I have only three missiles (two objective and one subjective) to launch against them.

One: Although I appreciate that a truly comprehensive selection of Scottish verse would have to contain more than even the OUP could cope with in a single volume, it still strikes me as lamentable that the long-awaited *Oxford Book of Scottish Verse* should appear without any Gaelic poetry whatsoever; and the more lamentable in that some of the very best modern Scottish verse is written in Gaelic, for example in the work of James Maclean, for example in that language.

Two: How many people know that many of Burns's most popular poems, the reworkings of folk workings? John Anderson, my jo, John "is perhaps the best-loved of works in this category. The original is addressed by a highly sexed wife to a husband who is past it; it is hard, harsh, and highly sexual in its sexuality. Burns's version is "polite"; but it is also better, both as a poem and as an expression of human love that is larger than sexuality. James MacQueen and Scott print only the original, under Anonymous, with no reference to the better-known, and better, version by Burns. Why?

Three: I could quibble for columns about their choice of modern poetry. But so could everybody else. No

anthology could please us all. So maybe that shot should be kept in the locker.

Complaints duly uttered, I must commend this anthology warmly, and especially to those who have abstained from the northern honey for fear of linguistic stings. The bulk of the verse chosen by the editors is in Scots; but their brief preface on verbal forms and pronunciation, their normalisation of spelling, and their glossaries on the page make it all readily accessible to anyone willing to take a little trouble. It is well worth it. The best Scottish poetry is never remote from common life, but marries the colloquial and the formal in an electrifyingly "modern" manner.

A few figures and names will roughly indicate the scope and shape of the book. There are 622 pages of verse. The first and earliest poem is attributed to Thomas of Erceoloune, born around 1222. The last and latest poem is by Iain Crichton Smith, who was born in 1928. There are 102 poems (counting Anonymous as one) and 326 poems (37 of them, occupying 92 pages, by Anonymous). The work may be seen as a structure upheld primarily by three pairs of pillars, the first rising from the 15th century and the second from the 17th. The third from the 18th: Henryson (three poems, 43 pages) and Dunbar (12 poems, 58 pages); Ferguson (five poems, 10 pages) and Burns (24 poems, 52 pages); Sydney Goodrich Smith (eight poems, two pages) and MacDiarmid (eight poems, 17 pages).

Bearing in mind the exclusion of Gaelic and the relatively sparse representation of poets of the past who wrote in "standard English" rather than the vernacular, and making due allowance for the very great difficulties in its encountered by the editors when they arrived at the present century and its political-cultural renaissance, it must be larger than textual. James MacQueen and Scott have, within the limits of space and principle, given a very fair sample of the poetic wealth accumulated by Scotland in the past seven centuries.

Should any Saxon suspect me of a chauvinistic excess of enthusiasm, may I

remind him that more than 3,000 books have been written about Burns. Alan Dent plainly had the formidable figure in mind when he came to write the first chapter of *Burns In His Time*. "Yet another account," he begins, "of the life-history of the most overwritten and overpraised poet in the whole of world literature?" He then smartly rebuts the suspicion. His book is of another kind. But even if it were what it is not, no apology would have been necessary. Mr Dent is metropolitan, cosmopolitan; but Mr Dent is also native of the Ayrshire province of Carrick, his birthplace a mere seven miles from the cottage in the contiguous province of Kyle where Burns was born. It is true that one must be in some sense a nationalist before one can be an internationalist, then Mr Dent is before-blessed, being an Ayrshireman before he is a Scotsman, and therefore attached with a peculiar passion to the land and life of a particular corner of a highly individual part of his native country.

Burns is no remote figure to Ayrshiremen like Mr Dent, who looks the poet in the eye like a brochure and observes that his large and obvious virtues do not wholly excuse the vice with which, no doubt, explains the "overpraised" in the opening sentence. And it is true that the fanatical adulation of Burns in Scotland long ago generated a sort of cult, and that the very great difficulties in its recognising the universal qualities of his best poetry, the indifferent qualities of his worst, and the complexities of his character. Mr Dent shows us Burns in the context of his time and against an idealised background of 18th-century Ayrshire and Edinburgh. He does this with a wealth of quotation from contemporary documents of all sorts to support his own insight. The result is vivid; it imagines a few ferocious clivists wishing him in the claws of Auld Cloutie; such enthusiasm has been there and unreservedly praise or wholly condemn the poet's womanising and boozing so long as one upholds the notion that every man of his work of genius. Mr Dent's affection and admiration neither paralysed his critical faculty nor obliged him to suppress that of others. But in the

FASHION

Party lustre and sparkle

The sparkling look for evening shows no signs of waning. Everywhere you will find beauty preparations touched with brilliance, to help you to create this lustrous look. Hairstyles are smooth and sometimes enlivened by ribbons.



Right: The smooth sweep of shining hair breaks into a swirl over the ears in this simple and charming style by Steiner.

Left: Eyes are enhanced with frosted shadows in palest pastel shades or white, while a double eyeliner using Charcoal Grey Cake Eyeliner (the make up is by Revlon), shaped and shadowed at the outer corners, emphasises the bone structure and shape of the eye. The eyebrows are hardly defined at all. A soft shimmer of colour for the lips is one of the Quicksilver collection, either Softsilver Pink, Softsilver Coral, or Softsilver Beige. Touch and Glow Creme Soufflé foundation in Creamy Ivory, is topped with Touch and Glow Translucent Powder No 1, and Frosty Peach Blush On. The ear-rings come from Paris House, South Molton Street, London W1.

Right: A muted sheen of Gold and Opal Eye Shadow (the makeup is by Harriet Hubbard Ayer) covers the eyelids, while a brilliant streak of Golden Express Eyeliner is drawn above the eyelashes. Over Base Ultra-fine foundation, Scintillante face powder gives the skin a new luminosity. This Rose lipstick gleams with glistening Super Brilliant gloss. A touch of sheer frivolity comes from the new quick-change chignon which has petals of hair entwined with gold ribbon. The hair style is by Alexandre; the ear-rings are by Van Cleef.



DRINK

Christmas spirit



Cardhu highland malt whisky



75

1907 The Malt Scotch Whisky & Distilled and bottled in Scotland. Bottled by John Walker & Sons, Ltd. Glasgow, Scotland.

THE NORTHERNER uses it for central heating; the tropic-dwelling sahil finds the "sundowner" a cooler; Marie Brizard revived the sick poor of Bordeaux with it; the monks discovered a profitable *joke-de-vivre* in it—"it", of course, is hard liquor.

Today, the choice of spirits available is infinite and there is probably no range of drinks where personal preference plays a larger part. One man's malt is another man's poison; the devotees of Spanish brandy would not thank you for a fine cognac; and those who love liqueurs (making a big come-back, served ice-cold and colourful) have their own ideas.

Brandy—the name means "burnt wine"—and stems from an economy drive to preserve an overflowing vintage before the days of corks—is the aristocrat of distilled drink. From the days when James Hennessy, soldier of fortune, founded the famous house in 1765, first-class cognac has won deserved popularity for this firm. *Bras Armé* for everyday, VSOP for others, and the superb XO for self-indulgence. I have a devotion to two cognacs, Delamain Pale Dry and the two from Denis Mounié, particularly the Grand Reserve Edouard VII. He should have known! Martell, Hine, Otard, Courvoisier, Bisquit Dubouché, Rémy Martin are all names to conjure with, all subtly different. And from Luis Gordon, known for sherry, you can now buy Spanish Fundador, if your taste is fiery or nostalgic for Spanish sun. You should not forget, either, that splendid applejack, Calvados, of which Un Trou Normand and one of Cusquer are best known here. What about Armagnac? Château de Malliac, two grades, is well worth investigation, though my own favourite is made by Dupeyron, and is always to be found in duty-free airports.

Spirits to most of us means whisky. The names are legion, as a glance at any catalogue will show, where the dominating Scotch reads like a muster of the clans. But do you know Cardhu, the superb single malt made by Johnnie Walker? These single malts are rapidly growing in popularity and have extremely distinctive flavours, Glenfiddich and the Glenlivet (an 80°) being two more. Laphroaig, from Islay—a taste to acquire—is another. If you are looking for value in the blended, try, in addition to the well known Haig's, Teacher's, Bell's, and the rest, Lowland's own range and Findlater's Jock Scott.

Bourbon, for self or visiting Americans? Four Roses, Old Forester, or Old Granddaddy are well liked. But there are many who swear by the (others swear at) Irish. I dote on its smoky flavour and divide my love between John Jameson and Powers, but also buy, from the north, Bushmills.

I want to pass quickly by gin, which, except for the connoisseur, who knows what he likes and will not be changed, is mainly a vehicle for mixing. The thrifty know well that a 65° spirit is virtually undetectable in mixture and saves a lot of money. Those splendid wineshops belonging to John Barnett of Hackney Road have a very good one; so, by the way, have Fortnum & Mason. Gin, like vodka, is made in many countries and the merits of London, Plymouth, and Irish should be tested (Gilbey, Coates, and Cork perhaps) while vodka is well represented by the Polish (say Wyborowa) and Russian (Stolichnaya).

It is, however, in the field of the fruit *eau-de-vie* and the liqueurs, that the greatest fun is to be had by tasting. These are not for solemn drinking. If you can rise to it, try to sample the exquisite Schladerer Före Williams, from the Black Forest, an *eau-de-vie* from a range which many consider the best in the world. The pear one can be bought at Fortnum's, others at the German Food Centre; look out also for Eau-de-Vie Mirabelle from Doppl and Irlon. The expert tends to drink it with a lump of sugar to suck at the end. The two finest digestives I know are Mentzerdorff kimmel and Marie Brizard Anisette (iced, please). From the same distillery as the kimmel, (Henke's at Rotterdam) comes an apricot brandy so warm and wonderful in flavour that you will probably never desert it, once tasted. They are special apricots, in fact. And now for a surprise. Two outstanding liqueurs made in England: Royal Mint Chocolate from Maurice Meyer, a sort of spirituous alter-dinner mint, is for drinking or using with ice-cream and such, and has been one of the outstanding successes of the past year; the other stalwart is Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, which I buy alternately with the velvety Cherry Bestle.

All these—and only the fringe is touched! Good hunting, therefore, with two small additions. If you value your liver during experiment, you will keep in stock ample French spa water, Vittel or Contrexville (and mix your drinks with Perrier). And if you want your tastes to be truly but authentic, don't forget that some of the very best liqueur chocolates are now made in England. Carsons are the firm and the chocolates are first-class.

PETA FORDHAM



William's Före
SCHLADERER



IN THE GALLERIES

*New gallery for English watercolours*

The Ferry, Close, Norwich, in watercolour over black chalk, is an early sketch, dated 1844, by John Middleton (1827-56). Middleton was born in Norwich, and was a pupil of Crome, and of Stannard. He painted illustrations of the seasons, and etched plates on the same subjects. The Albany Gallery, 14 Mason's Yard, St James's, includes this in their opening exhibition of English watercolours.

*Four stable scenes by the animal painter to William IV*

The two paintings shown here are part of a complete set of four stable and riding scenes by Richard Barrett Davis (1782-1854), at the Fores Gallery, in Bond Street. Davis studied under Evans of Eton, and under Beechey. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1802. He specialised in animal painting, and

*Portrait of Thomas Osborne*

Portrait of Thomas Osborne, Bookseller, signed and dated 1747, is by the portraitist James Cranke (1707-80). It is on show at the Frank T. Sabin Galleries, 9 Albemarle Street. Osborne was the best-known bookseller of his day, and it was out of a conversation with him that the idea for Samuel Richardson's first novel, *Pamela*, arose. Once, Johnson accused him of impertinence, and beat him.

Energy Signals

Energy is the key to Takis's work, which is in a comprehensive one-man show at the Indica Gallery, 6 Mason's Yard, St James's, until January. The flower-like quality in the set of eight-foot long *Signals* make them the most attractive of the works shown. The one reproduced here has an orange light flashing at the tip. Other electrically powered sculptures use magnetism to plot the Earth's energy.



was appointed animal painter to William IV in 1831. His father, also called Richard Davis, was harrier to George III. These four scenes are the originals from which plates were copied, and the set was published in 1837 as *Kennel Scenes*, and published again the following year, this time as *Stable Scenes*.

New exhibitions: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Ely House, 37 Dover Street, W1, until next March: *How They Started*, paintings by some former students of the Royal College of Art, including works by Auerbach, Blake, Hockney, Kitaj. GRABOWSKI GALLERY, 84 Sloane Avenue, until January 13: *Printmakers' Council*.

BUSINESS IN THE NEWS



Mr Stuart Philcox.



Lord Aldington.



Mr Arnold Weinstock.



Mr R. P. Brookes.



Mr J. F. Insch.

Communications conflicts

WHEN THE £110-million General Electric Company made overtures to Telephone Rentals a few weeks ago they received a very cold reception. When, 24 hours later, they decided to take the bull by the horns and announce that they were intending to bid for the TR capital the immediate answer from TR, through its chairman, **Mr W. Stuart Philcox**, was even more frigid. The proposal, he said, would not be to the advantage of either "the company, its shareholders or the staff."

Of one thing GEC can be certain. They have taken on a formidable opponent in Stuart Philcox, and one who has spent the whole of his working life in the field of equipment rental. He was in fact present at the birth of Telephone Rentals in 1929 when the Telephone Manufacturing Company was split into two—the rental and installation business became TR and the manufacturing side remained as TMC. Since then TMC has been acquired by Pye of Cambridge, which is itself the subject of a takeover battle between the giant Dutch electronics group, Phillips, and Thorn Electrical.

There seems little doubt that TR and its advisers, merchant bankers Kleinwort Benson, will be able to persuade shareholders that the GEC bid is inadequate. And certainly the TR staff will be wholly behind their chairman. They may have no particular dislike for GEC, but few chairmen of large companies have generated as much support within their organisation as "W.S.P." His memory for names is prodigious and he walks through few branches of the company without stopping for a personal chat with some engineer or clerk. And

his popularity does not rest exclusively on the fact that he talked the board into an employees' participation scheme 20 years ago. That TR is a "happy family" can be seen from the list of long-serving employees that cover most of the walls of the entrance hall of the group's Knightsbridge headquarters.

Apart from TR the most enduring love of Stuart Philcox has been flying. In 1916 he went straight from Dulwich College into the Royal Flying Corps. A week before the end of hostilities he was shot down over the German lines and taken prisoner. Subsequently awarded the DFC, he was back home a few months later and went up to Caius College where he took a Master's degree in engineering. In 1922 he entered for and won the Inter-Varsity Air Race before joining Telephone Manufacturing at Dulwich.

Sailing, cricket, rugby, and golf are other outdoor pursuits that have occupied his spare time. Now in his 60s, he leans rather towards classical music and bridge, is an avid reader, and on very few days does he fail to complete *The Times* crossword puzzle. Despite his outside interests he has nurtured TR from an annual rental of £123,000 to £5 million since 1929—first as general manager and director, then in 1942 becoming joint managing director and vice-chairman, and, five years later, managing director. He has been chairman of TR since 1959 when he took over from Mr S. T. Jackson the founder of the original Telephone Manufacturing Company. Although he finally gave up the post of managing director at the beginning of this year he is very much an "executive" chairman.

But Telephone Rentals is not the only problem that **Lord Aldington** and **Mr Arnold Weinstock**—respectively chairman and managing director of GEC—have on their plates at the moment. After five years of meteoric growth the group is certain to turn in lower profits this year. The squeeze on the economy is having a general effect but the real nigger in the woodpile is the telecommunications division. This is a crucial and large section of the group. Forced to enlarge output to meet the requirements of the GPO they found costs rising sharply against them and profits took a tumble.

The setback, temporary though it may be, will be a particularly bitter pill for Arnold Weinstock, the 42-year-old "whiz-kid" who took over the day-to-day management of GEC in 1963. He had come into GEC two years earlier as the leading light of Radio and Allied Holdings when GEC bought the company for £9 million. In 1949 he married the daughter of Michael Sobell, founder of the radio and television company of the same name which also came into the GEC camp via Radio and Allied.

Weinstock joined Radio and Allied in 1954 after seven years directing the finances and property development of a group of private companies. His experience of these years proved invaluable and to GEC more recently. Earlier he had followed a degree in statistics from London University in 1944 with a few years at the Admiralty as a junior administrative officer. He lives at Gerrard's Cross in Buckinghamshire and when not at the GEC head office or in one of its many factories he is sure to be either listening to music or watching

horseracing.

GEC's chairman, Lord Aldington, is not so closely wedded to the group as Mr Weinstock. This is not in the least surprising. He has a long list of important positions in British industry, including the chairmanship of National and Grindlays Bank, and directorships of John Brown, Dorman Long, English China Clays, Sun Alliance and London Insurance, and National Discount. All those groups are of course leaders in the particular sphere of activity and the very breadth of Lord Aldington's present experience is clearly important to each of the companies he is associated with—and there are others besides the few mentioned.

Created a baron in 1962 he is probably still better known as Sir Toby Low. Called to the bar in 1939 at the age of 25 he was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. The war then intervened and as a TA officer since 1934 he had little time to practice. Serving in North Africa and Europe he reached the rank of brigadier and was awarded the DSO in 1941, and made MBE then CBE in the later stages as well as receiving French and American decorations.

Elected Member of Parliament for Blackpool North in the 1945 election, he held government offices at the Ministry of Supply and the Board of Trade between 1951 to 1957, and was deputy chairman of the Conservative party organisation from 1959 to 1963. On his elevation to the peerage he settled down comfortably to a life of business. Married, with a son and two daughters, his main leisure activity is golf, though his many business commitments leave him less time for the links than he would like.

Engineers' enterprise

WHEN **Mr R. P. Brookes** steps down as managing director of Guest Keen Nettlefold, Britain's biggest engineering group—it has assets of £253 million—it is unlikely that he will be shedding any of the real control he exercises over the group. His place as managing director is to be taken by accountant **Mr J. F. Insch** but, as chairman, Ray Brookes will still be saddled with responsibility. The latest changes are in fact the continuation of the internal management reorganisation of GKN that started when Sir Kenneth Peacock, the former chief, retired after 45 years with the group, the last 12 of them as chairman. It was stated then that his successor would also "continue for the present as managing director." That was in August of last year, and then as now it was

James Ferguson Insch who donned the mantles shed by Brookes in the form of control of certain of the group subsidiaries, and earlier this year Mr Insch was appointed deputy managing director.

Perhaps the biggest problem for Ray Brookes at the moment is finding a suitable outlet for the huge sums of money that nationalisation of their steel interests will produce. Already this year the group has spent £28 million on acquiring the Birfield group as an addition to their huge motor-components division. The steel interests should bring in something over £30 million but on top of this GKN has enormous unused potential in its virtually unencumbered assets. Indeed, even allowing for the Birfield acquisition, GKN could probably at this moment lay its hands

on upwards of £50 million in cash. What to do with it is exercising Ray Brookes's mind daily and with a problem of this magnitude it is not surprising that he has wanted to shed some of the day-to-day control of the group.

What Mr Brookes has in mind is a "new base" for the company. GKN is a giant, but it is a giant composed of a multitude of small businesses, each with some measure of local control. At the same time its products are also small, with lots of variations. Motor components are in this category, but it is even more true of nuts, bolts, and screws. Midland business men are of course traditionally individualistic so that group control has been bedevilled in the past. Since 1960 Brookes has been working on a plan for sectionalising the group into clutches of similar

companies. This is now well under way. Yet Brookes is not a convert to central control. He values the independent spirit of his subordinates highly. And few chairmen encourage dissent and plain-speaking as he does.

Now perforce one of the country's biggest businessmen Ray Brookes is still most at home in the noise and bustle of the group factories. Yet he is achieving management cohesion in this sprawling Midlands leviathan. The key to his success will lie in how he spends the money that is now available. This may not be in Britain: Brookes will soon be off to Australia to see what that land of potential has to offer in addition to the benefits it already returns in sales to GKN. He may come back with his pockets considerably lightened.

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MOTORING

Safer road signs

THE INSTITUTION of Highway Engineers, to which many of our road designers and builders belong, is a professional body usually delving deeply into technical matters. I was more than delighted when the newly appointed president, Mr T. S. Sinclair, spoke in his presidential address of many of the ordinary and simple worries that we motorists have to suffer. Mr Sinclair has a lifelong experience of all aspects of roads, from consulting engineer, a spell at the Ministry of Transport in senior posts, and his present post as managing director of Rapid Metal Developments, an international organisation concerned with civil engineering. I mention these facts because it was so refreshing to hear a highly technical engineer devoting his time to what he himself referred to as "the customers' view" of road engineers.

When I talked with Mr Sinclair, he agreed that the provision of street names left a lot to be desired—and such neglect could well cause accidents, as drivers trying to find their way in a strange district must hesitate and make sudden direction changes and so forth. Mr Sinclair also mentioned such common faults as badly timed signals, badly sited pedestrian crossings, bad posting of warning signs covering road works, and leaving temporary signs in place long after the diversion is necessary.

While it is obviously important for some standards for road markings, such as double white lines, to be laid down, a too rigid adherence to the rules can be wrong and even dangerous. A degree of latitude taken by the engineer on the spot would help here, and Mr Sinclair holds that the top men, such as county engineers and surveyors, borough or city engineers, could well get out and about to get a personal driver's-eye-view of what is happening in their areas. I do so agree with this. Most drivers can think at once of instances where signs are bad, or where double white lines seem to be wrong or even dangerous. They may be strictly according to the book, but no book can cover the real requirements of every single twist and turn on our roads, and often there is a local peculiarity that calls for intelligent local marking. Most observant drivers can think of places where double-white-line markings appear to be almost ridiculous; they give the release by becoming dotted, merely to become solid again 50 yards further on—insufficient length for an overtaking process, except perhaps at high speed past a crawling tractor.

Light problems

More light from your headlights is welcome, but it can be a mixed blessing. The new quartz-iodine lamp with its intense brightness is a case in point. Drivers have complained that the light given is so strong that to change to anything else seems like driving in the dark—and I do not mean drivers of opposing vehicles, either. In fog too, quartz-iodine special lamps can be overdoing things a bit, as even with the special fog-lamp treatment, you may get a bit of

flare-back. I have been trying a pair of new Stadium lamps, the spot-lamp and fog-lamp, each costing £6 10s, which give brilliant illumination, crisply shaped by special louvres around the light source. But the great joy is the Vario system that Stadium have introduced with these lamps: this is a special switch with five positions. You have full power and four other alternative settings so that you can cut down the brightness to suit the particular brand of fog or mist you are trying to penetrate. This works very well indeed and gives the best possible chance of vision in fog I have yet come across. In addition, as a bonus, you save battery current when running on the reduced brilliance settings, too. The lamps are handsome and slim, can be fitted on either a horizontal or vertical surface, and need only half an inch of clearance behind the single fixing hole.

Bypasses and bottlenecks

While one must welcome the opening of the 2.2 miles long Honiton bypass, which steers West Country holiday traffic around one of the worst bottlenecks, like so many small road improvement schemes it only moves the worst jams to some other place. This has cost just under £1 million and taken over two years to build—the decision to build it was taken in March 1963. Now, how about a bypass for the Exeter bypass—or for Okehampton, or Launceston, while we are on the subject of Devon and Cornwall.

When these points were put to the Minister of Transport, Mrs Castle, she put on her most charming and disarming smile and replied to the effect that all new road schemes up to 1970 were "fully booked" and that perhaps points like the Exeter bypass would figure in the next set of improvements after that. Those words "in the 70s" have been applied to so many roads that, if they are carried out more or less as promised, that decade will see an absolute flood of road openings. But I am not as optimistic as all that myself.

This year of 1966 has been quite eventful in motoring, with the emphasis on safety. In this country, the man who has pressed hardest for safer cars is Professor Gissane, of the Birmingham Accident Research group, so I was the more interested to hear him answer a question on radio, as to what he and his colleagues on the panel would like to see happen to cars now. Professor Gissane left the car itself right out of it and talked about the driver, especially the head of the family, and what he could do to ensure the safety of his family in the car. Safety belts, children always in the back, babies *not* in Mum's arms in front, but in a secure carrycot on the back seat, protected by a secure net. And the drivers' skill came in for a mention, too. It would be wrong to assume that Professor Gissane is satisfied that his work on cars is at an end, but I think he feels that his lessons have been learned by the car makers and designers.

BILL HARTLEY



The news that Raymond Baxter, radio's best-known motoring correspondent, is leaving the BBC for industry reminds Bill Hartley of the occasion when the two of them made an "Edwardian journey" round England in the 1911 Daimler seen in our picture. Raymond Baxter is sitting with the chauffeur, the late Ernie Bartlett.

QUIZ ANSWERS

In this necessarily arbitrary system of scoring a grand total of 370 is possible: anyone with over 320 must be judged ripe for brain drain. Some of the quizzes are harder and ampler than others and marked accordingly, so if your subject is one of the easy ones you will lose on the overall judging, but with more than 75 per cent in any category you succeed as a specialist.

BOOKS

total 32

1 They are buried in Highgate Cemetery, London (2). 2 a Thomas Love Peacock in *Crotchet Castle* (2); b Charles Dickens in *A Christmas Carol* (2). 3 Hammond Innes (2). 4 a William Shakespeare (2); b T. S. Eliot (2). 5 a Biron in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* and b Byron in *All For Love* (3). 6 Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, Stoke, and Longton. (3). 7 a Gogol (1); b Dostoevsky (1); c Gorky (1). 8 The fish knives, in Betjeman's poem (2). 9 a Hugh Foulis; b Saki; c Anthony Hope; d Georges Sand; e Ellis Bell (1 each; bonus of 1 for all 5). 10 Oxford: where the author of *a* is Professor of Poetry; where Matthew Arnold's *b* attended university before going off with the gipsies; and where Max Beerbohm's *c* sent so many to their doom (3).

THEATRE

total 40

1 a April 1956, with Angus Wilson's *The Mulberry Bush*; b December 1960, with John Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*; c October 1963, with Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1 each with a bonus of 1 for all 3). 2 The theatres are the Ashcroft at Croydon, named after Dame Peggy Ashcroft; the Flora Robson at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and the Yvonne Arnaud at Guildford (1 each). 3 a Three; b three; c five; d five (1 each). 4 Their names are spelt wrongly (1). They should be a Jonson, b Scofield, c Thorndike, d Graham Greene, e Leonora Duse (1 point each for knowing the correct spelling). 5 a Arnold Wesker; b Harold Pinter; c John Arden; d Christopher Fry. (1 each). 6 a *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; b *All's Well That Ends Well*; c *Henry the Sixth, Part One*; d *Much Ado About Nothing*; e *Hamlet* (1 each). 7 a *Oklahoma!*, with music by Richard Rodgers; b *The Most Happy Fella*, with music by Frank Loesser; c *Hello, Dolly!*, with music by Jerry Herman (1 each). 8 a Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*; b Chekhov's *The Seagull*; c Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* (1 each). 9 a Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills; b Eugene Gladstone; c Laurence Kerr; d Arthur John; e Edith Mary (1 each). 10 *Dr Faustus* at the Torch Theatre, 1943 (2); b *US* at the Aldwych, 1966 (1).

ANIMALS

total 20

1 A male sea-elephant (2). 2 Teddy Roosevelt (2): he saw a line of humps, shot one, and sent the skin of this otter to the Museum of Natural History in New York (1 for the identity of the monster). 3 The false killer whale (2): thought to be extinct when a skeleton was dug from the Lincolnshire fens, in England, in 1846: the living animal was not seen until 1861, when a school appeared in the bay of Kiel. 4 Queen Alexandra's birdwing, of New Guinea (2): the female, larger than the male, is ten inches across. 5 The coelacanth (1). 6 The species originated in Siberia, so at midday a tiger in the tropics must seek dense shade, or lie in water (2). 7 The poor-will, an American species of nightjar, sometimes does so, but this was not known until 1947 (2). 8 It has been given as 70 mph, but more sober estimates give a maximum of 50 mph or so (2 for anything between the two). 9 Père Armand David, a French missionary to China. He did so in 1869 (2). 10 The whale shark, 50 feet or more long (2).

MUSIC

total 55

1 Gounod's *Faust*, Liszt's *Faust Symphony*, Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, Wagner's *Faust Overture*, Schumann's *Faust*, Busoni's *Dr Faustus* (3). 2 a Beethoven's *Battle Symphony*, Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* (1); b Satie's *Parade* (1); c Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* (1); d Varèse's *Ionisation* and *Hyperprism* (1); e Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* (1), and many others! 3 Erik Satie, who also said, "It is not enough to have refused the Legion of Honour; one should never have deserved it!" (3). 4 Leoncavallo, Massenet, Busoni, Pasiello, and Rossini respectively (2 each). 5 a Saint-Saëns's *Carnival of the Animals* (1); b Scarlatti's *Cat's Fugue* (1); c Mendelssohn's *Bees' Wedding*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Flight of the Bumble Bee* (also *The Bee Song* once sung by Arthur Askey!) (1); d Haydn's *Lark Quartet* Op. 64 no. 5, Vaughan Williams's *Lark Ascending* (1); e Haydn's *Frog Quartet* Op. 50 no. 6 and in Handel's *Israel in Egypt* (1). 6 a Borodin (2); b Rimsky-Korsakov (2); c both Mussorgsky and Cui (2 each). 7 a Scarlatti (1); b Schubert (1); c Quantz (1); d Telemann (1); e Czerny (1). 8 a Delius's *Paris*, Gershwin's *American in Paris* (1); b Richard Strauss's *Alpine Sym-*

phony (1); c Debussy's *La Cathédrale Engloutie* (1); d R. Strauss's *Don Quixote* (and Sancho Panza) (1); e Smetana's *String Quartet No 1*, which is subtitled *Aus meinen Leben* (1). 9 a Mendelssohn (1); b Sibelius, Purcell, Matthew Locke (1); c Balakirev, Debussy (2); d Purcell (2). 10 a was an old military band instrument—blown (1); b the old name for cymbals—struck together (1); c an ancestor of the violin—bowed (1); d a kind of early guitar—plucked (1); e picturesque north England name for a (1).

MOTORING

total 24

1 Take evasive action to your left, even if it means turning into the ditch. To swerve to the right would be to risk a much more severe collision, as the oncoming driver will probably realise his situation at the last moment and by instinct swerve to his correct side (2). 2 Seventy-three (2). 3 The recommended safe speed to negotiate the bend (1). 4 The arrangement by which the angle of turn of the front wheels differs, the inside one turning more than the outside one in order to follow a smaller circle. Without this steering would be difficult and tyre wear excessive (2). 5 a 2s 6d (1), b nothing (1), c 2s 6d (1). 6 Signal a left turn only after passing the exit road immediately before the one you intend to take yourself (2). 7 Two. One in England and one in Ulster (2). 8 The sequence of operation of a four-stroke engine: (a) induction stroke, (b) compression stroke, (c) power stroke, (d) exhaust stroke (4 for the definition, an extra 2 for the sequence). 9 When your car is stationary on a road (1), or when travelling between 11.30 pm and 7 am on a restricted road, ie one with street lights not more than 200 yards apart (1) or so instructed by other signs (0). 10 Upward triangle signs are warnings; downward signs are orders to be obeyed (2).

HISTORY

total 35

1 1066, 1483, and 1936 (1 for each). The Kings, were Edward the Confessor, Harold, and William the Conqueror (3); Edward IV, Edward V, and Richard III (3); George V, Edward VIII, and George VI (3). 2 In America in the 18th century, when Spain owned California and Russia owned Alaska (2). 3 It is attributed to Margaret Atheling, wife of Malcolm III of Scotland, who, in order to induce the Scots to remain at the table for grace, had a cup of the choicest wine handed round immediately after it had been said (3). 4 On execution days, Tyburn being in the Paddington area (2). 5 Sir Winston Churchill (2). 6 Aeschylus at Salamis in 480 BC (2), and Cervantes at Lepanto in 1571 AD (2). 7 Rosalind, in *As You Like It* (2). 8 At Almansa on April 25 1707, when the English Duke of Berwick defeated the French Earl of Galway (3). 9 Byron's daughter. The reference is to *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto III, stanza 1 (2). 10 Friedrich Nietzsche in *The Greek State* (3).

GARDENING

total 40

1 Rhododendron and camellia (2). 2 a 1699, Sicily, Father Cupani (2); b 1849, Chile, William Lobb (2); c 1859, Chile, R. Pearce (2). 3 a Henry Hoare; b Pirro Liborio; c Richard Grove Annesley; d J. C. Williams; e Lord Aberconway; f Captain Neil McEachern; g Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst; h Colonel L. R. C. Messel (1 each, bonus of 2 for all 8). 4 *Dianthus ceridifolius* (2). 5 Madonna lily (1). 6 If pruned in November/December the buds retained may begin to grow in a warm spell and be destroyed by frost in a cold spell (2). 7 *R. giganteum* may attain 80 feet (1); *R. impeditum* rarely exceeds six inches in height (1); *R. sinog rande* has leaves up to a yard long (1); *R. nobleanum* often flowers in December (1); *R. auriculatum* flowers in August (1); *R. augustini* has nearest to blue flowers (1). 8 Treneague. It does not exceed three inches and it never flowers (3). 9 Blue (2). 10 a *Hydrangea petiolaris* (2); b *Rhododendron radicans* (2); c *Ficus stipulata* (2).

ARCHAEOLOGY

total 27

1 A pyramid, usually Mesopotamian, the origin of the Tower of Babel, built as a platform for astronomical observations and a closer approach to the gods (2). 2 The Mesopotamian is a solid mass of mudbrick; the Elamite, as Ghirshman has demonstrated at Tchoga-Zambil, is an extraordinary construction of diminishing courtyards of which the inner are progressively higher than the outer (2). 3 On certain days only of the year, the rays of the rising sun strike on the statues of the innermost shrine; and every effort is being made to ensure that this phenomenon is repeated in the new location (2). 4 Mundigak, in Afghanistan (2). 5 A deep drinking vessel with two large handles reaching

from rim to base. Pottery; but Mellaart reports that the Dorak treasure contained examples in gold and silver (2). Homer (1). 6 a A broch is an ancient circular tower with hollow walls found in Shetland and northwest Scotland (2). b A nuraghe is an ancient circular tower with hollow walls found in Sardinia (2). 7 Corsica (2). The Frenchman, Prosper Mérimée (2). 8 Nutcracker Man (2). 9 Michael Ventris and John Chadwick (2). Greek (1). 10 The mole-rat (3).

ART

total 51

1 Rouault, Dubuffet, David Smith, Gabo, Lowry (3). 2 a Rembrandt 1642; b Hogarth, 1745; c Picasso, 1906; d French, late 14th century; e Delacroix, 1827; f Grünewald, 1512-14; g Jan van Eyck, 1534 (1 each for the artists 2 each for the dates). 3 a R. W. Emerson, *The Conduct of Life* (2); b Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (2); c Tolstoy, *What is Art?* (2); d Théophile Gautier, *L'Art* (2); 4 a Lord Leighton (1), who died the day after his peerage was granted; b Sutherland, Moore (2); Moore (1). 5 a Jim Dine (1); b Robert Fraser Gallery (1). 6 a is a mixture of opaque colours ground in water and mixed with gum and honey (1); b is the laying of colours on thickly (1); c is the method of painting in distemper: the colours are mixed with a glutinous substance soluble in water; the ground is usually chalk or plaster mixed with gum (1). 7 a Glasgow City Art Gallery (1); b Tate Gallery (1); c Windsor Castle (1); d National Gallery (1); e Victoria and Albert Museum (1). 8 The Royal College of Art (2). 9 Thirty-eight; he had 60 years of painting ahead of him (2). 10 Rubens's *Judgement of Paris*, identified at Christie's in July and recently bought by the National Gallery (2).



TRAVEL

total 22

1 a Helsinki (1), b Oslo (1), c Izmir (1), d Gdansk (1). 2 Cape Agulhas (2). 3 All are well below sea level (2). 4 Aberdeen (2). 5 Lake of Menteith in Perthshire (2). 6 A string of small islands and reefs connecting India and Ceylon (2). 7 Isle of Sheppey. It is the only real island; the others are so in name only (2). 8 Prince Edward Island (2). 9 Andorra, the tiny state in the Pyrenees. The Fathers of the Valley are the local councillors who form a sort of parliament (3). 10 Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx (2).

NEWS PICTURES

total 24

1 The late Prime Minister of India, Mr Lal Bahadur Shastri, with President Ayub Khan of Pakistan in their Tashkent villa seeking agreement over the Kashmir dispute (4). 2 This was the first big liner to leave harbour after the seamen's strike which lasted 45 days and ended at midnight on June 29 (2). 3 The Duke lunched with film actresses on a Western set in Hollywood during his two-week tour of America and Canada (2). 4 Men of the Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry stand guard over swimmers on the beach in Aden, in case of terrorist activities (3). 5 This 9-year-old American girl raises her pen to make a bid for a porcelain set at Sotheby's, which she finally bought for £5,500 (2). 6 Anguish creases the face of this young girl as she sits on a heap of rubble that was once her home in Varto, eastern Turkey, following the earthquake which killed over 20,000 people (2). 7 Roy Emerson crashed into the umpire's chair during his men's singles match at Wimbledon (2). He went on to lose to his fellow Australian, 22-year-old Owen Davidson. 8 President Johnson was given a tremendous reception when he payed an unannounced two-hour visit to the Cam Ranh US army base in South Vietnam on his tour of the Pacific and Far East in October (2). 9 Children cheer and wave to the Queen in Vincent Park, Kingstown, in the Windward Islands, on her five-week tour of the Caribbean islands early this year (2). 10 No drivers were seriously injured at all in this 12-car pile-up at the start of the Indianapolis 500-mile car race but some spectators were slightly injured by flying wheels. The event had to be restarted and London's Graham Hill went on to win in a Ford Lola (3).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Honours incident

Sir: There is nothing apocryphal about the story mentioned by Robert Blake (October 22) of the courtier whose audible comment on the King's bestowal of a New Year honour on one of his subjects "Serve him right!" caused annoyance to His Majesty; unhappily however this perfectly true incident happened a whole generation earlier, shortly after King Edward VII had founded in his mother's memory the Royal Victorian Order, and mentioned that he had conferred an MVO. It was one of the King's friends, Lord Marcus Beresford, a wit, who at times used to trade upon a slight deafness, who came out with the remark "Serve him right, Sir! Serve him right!"

HUGH FREWEN,
Dorridge, New South Wales

Question of ostriches

Sir: I am sorry to have caused alarm to the 22-year-old student who is looking forward to entering one of the vocational professions (ie your correspondent William H. S. Martin, December 3), but I am afraid, if he is contemplating entering a vivisection laboratory, he is in for a lot more alarm and disillusion than my words have given him.

I agree with Mr Martin that we should all strive towards creating a world of mutual trust, but it is no good burying our heads in the sand and failing to realise wrongfulness when we see it. Mr. Martin speaks of us crusading for somewhat superfluous ideas that bear no relationship whatever to the betterment of human existence. But they *do* bear a relationship. Betterment of human existence can't come about without kindness towards all creatures. "Love your neighbour," he says; but we need to love all Nature, and all the beings which are a part of it, as well as just the human part.

His last question is an important one: "Upon whom are they to experiment?" We all experiment when we try a new medicine or new food. To that extent we need to experiment on ourselves; and our doctors on us. But there should be no experiment on any creature except in the interest of that individual creature. Actually, it is no use, as every creature differs from every other creature (and every man from every other man).

LILLIE HOUGHTON,
Hall Green, Birmingham

Sir: Personally I can see no hope for the fulfilment of Mr William Martin's dreams while humanity only seeks a better world for its own species. If, despite our superior brains, we are without compassion for our fellow creatures of the animal kingdom, surely we are infinitely lower than those animals which we torment and exploit for our own gain?

KATHLEEN GRAHAM,
Cophthorne, Sussex

Politicians' role

Sir: May I say how very much I appreciate Sir Arthur Bryant's contribution to "Notebook" in your issue of December 10? His views on the danger of this country joining the Common Market, as constituted today, should be broadcast to the nation.

Unhappily today in this country so many people are prepared to "leave it to the politicians!" Let us never forget our greatness of the past which won two world wars.

JOHN L. MARTIN,
Forest Row, Sussex.

BRIDGE

The failings of CAB

Any conventional demand bid with a limited range of responses is unsatisfactory, because it is adapted to a limited range of hands.

The CAB convention (forcing two clubs, ace response, Blackwood) has the particular weakness that the fixed replies crowd the auction and prevent the free exchange of information by partners. Can you imagine a more useless piece of knowledge than an ace in your partner's hand when you are not told at the same time of its distribution? I recently looked through a standard book on the system and nothing in it convinces me that early information about one or two particular controls is of material help towards a slam contract.

The following deal was given as a fair picture of the convention and the North-South hands are seen to dovetail perfectly. No score; dealer South.

♠ J 8 4			
♥ 4 2			
♦ A 10 9 7			
♣ K 8 4 3			
♠ 7 2			
♥ Q 10 6 5			
♦ J 5 4 2			
♣ Q 9 7			
♠ 9 6 3			
♥ 9 8			
♦ K 8 6 3			
♣ J 10 5 2			
♠ A K Q 10 5			
♥ A K J 7 3			
♦ Q			
♣ A 6			

South	West	North	East
2 clubs	no	3 diamonds	no
3 spades	no	4 spades	no
4 no-trumps	no	5 diamonds (one king)	no
5 no-trumps	no	6 clubs (no queen)	no
6 spades	no	no	no

The dealer ruffs a small heart in dummy with the ♠ J and he can afford to surrender either a heart or a spade. South's trumps are solid, so he can proceed to enquire about kings and queens. But suppose his distribution to have been 5-4-0-4 in spades, hearts and clubs? The response of three diamonds to show the ace prevents him from ascertaining support in the side

suits because he must ask for it at the five level or rely on finding north with the honours in hearts and clubs by the clumsy employment of Blackwood after one suit only has been confirmed.

The CAB convention therefore comes into its own only when the opener has solid suits which need particular honours to fill them and those high cards can be identified as filling the gaps. In my experience, the lower the levels on which the bidding can be kept alive for the receipt of information, the more successful the slam contract, if it is reached, is likely to be. To take an extreme example, if the responder to an opening two clubs holds two aces and a king he is required by the convention to answer three no trumps and allow the opener to ask for further and better particulars of his hand. One of the principal advocates of the convention actually received this response and found, to her discomfort that, because she had opened two clubs with minimum strength, her hand would not support another bid. North-South game; dealer South.

♠ 10 7 6 2			
♥ 8			
♦ A 10 8 7 3			
♣ A K 4			
♠ J 5 4			
♥ 10 9 5 3 2			
♦ K 9 5			
♣ 8 3			
♠ 9 8 3			
♥ Q J 7			
♦ 6 2			
♣ J 9 7 5 2			
♠ A K Q			
♥ A K 6 4			
♦ Q J 4			
♣ Q 10 6			

South	West	North	East
2 clubs	no	3 no-trumps	no
no?	no		

Since there is a cold small slam without the finesse against the ♦ K, a simple solution to this bidding problem was that North should have responded three diamonds, ignoring the convention, and subsequently raised her partner to six no-trumps.

EDWARD MAYER

CHESS

Grand old man

That Mikhail Botvinnik, world champion for 13 years in all, is to appear at Hastings once again and may, in fact, be already engaged in the play by the time you read these lines, invests his recent play with unusual interest.

He will be touring the British Isles giving simultaneous displays during January. Thousands may see him in action in the course of a few weeks; not for the last time, I very much hope.

I have already mentioned his extraordinary feat of putting up the best individual score of all the top-board players in the Soviet team championships. This event, the Spartakiade as it is called, is taken very seriously by the Russian grand masters and each team goes all out to secure as distinguished a player as it can, for its leader. Tigran Petrosian, the present World Champion; Boris Spassky his official challenger; Vassily Smyslov, World Champion for a year in 1957; Paul Keres, who has been aptly dubbed the greatest player never quite to gain the world championship—Botvinnik outdistanced them all. In fact, for the greater part of the event, he completely outclassed them and he was already assured of setting up the best score of all the top boards before, understandably tired and in justifiable reaction to his colossal efforts, he lost his last two games.

For this week's game I go back a little further, to a tournament in Amsterdam in October in which he mowed down all opposition in similar style. His opponent here—Laszlo Szabo, an acknowledged grand master—has been for decades the leading player in Hungary, which country has consistently proved itself the world's third or fourth best in spite of its limited resources of population. Szabo has himself secured top place at Hastings more than once. He is a redoubtable opponent by any standards. Here he has the slight but inescapable advantage of taking the white pieces. It is he who opens the game. He has, as we say, the advantage of the move. He is made to look like a child. He is utterly lost within

20 moves and has to throw in the sponge at the 23rd.

Let all the other "old men" of 55 take heart from Botvinnik's success!

English opening			
Szabo	Botvinnik	Szabo	Botvinnik
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	P-QB4	5. N×P	N-QB3
2. N-QB3	P-KN3	6. N-B2	P-Q3
3. N-B3	B-N2	7. P-K4	N-KR3
4. P-Q4	P×P		

The English opening is protean in its potentiality for change. This position could equally have arisen from a Sicilian or a King's Indian defence. White's next seems very logical in view of the absence of a knight from Black's KB3 to deter White's subsequent P-KR5.

8. P-KR4	P-B4	12. N-B3	Q-R4
9. P-R5	P×KP	13. B-Q2	Q-K4 ch
10. P×P	P×P	14. N-K3	Castles

Black has already achieved better development of his pieces. Castling for White is deterred by the open file on the king's side; by Black's menacing bishops on the queen's. In the event, the centre proves most uncomfortable for all.

16. R×R	R×R	18. N(B3)-Q1	N-Q5
17. Q-N5	Q-B5	19. Q-R5	R-R8

Black's attack is a perfect picture.

Black threatened 21... N-Q6 mate. By a combinative trick, Szabo exchanges off the queens, but secures no relief.

21...	K×Q	23. N×Q	P-KN4!
22. N-Q5 ch	K-Q2	White resigns	

If the attacked knight moves, 24... N-Q6 mates. Don't forget: white's KB is pinned!

On 24. B-B3—the only chance—24... P×N; 25. B×N, N-Q6 ch; 26. K-Q2, N×R; 27. B×B, R×B; 28. K×N, P-K4 (all of which Szabo obviously saw) White is not only the exchange to the bad but has his bishop trapped in curious wise, so he would finish up a rook to the bad.

BARUCH H. WOOD, MSc

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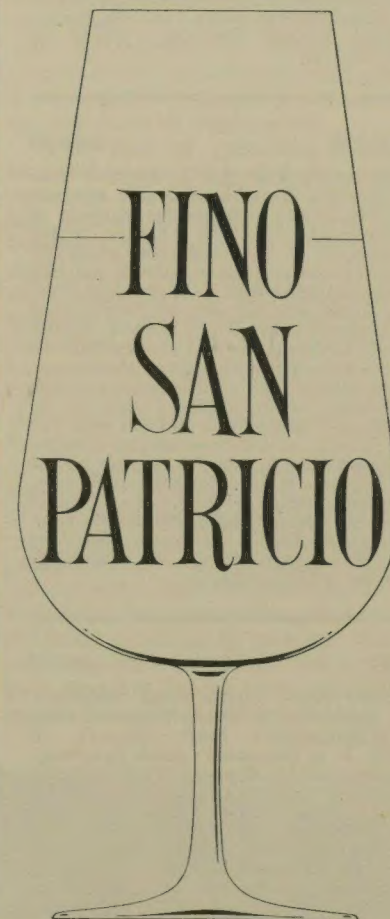
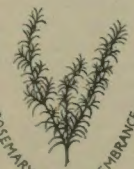
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THE WOODCARVER

NEAR THIRSK in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the gigantic figure of a white horse stands out among the wooded hillside above Kilburn. There, in 1876, was born Robert Thompson, son of the village wheelwright. Apprenticed to an engineer he yearned to bring alive the spirit of craftsmanship in wood. Collecting a few simple tools, he quickly developed his inherent skill as a woodcarver. On his death in 1958, he left lasting examples of his work which, though carved from massive oak of immense strength, showed exquisite delicacy of detail and form.

Once, while carving a church beam, a fellow carver chanced to remark that they were as poor as church mice. On the spur of the moment Thompson carved a mouse and decided from there on to adopt it as his trade mark to appear on everything he and his fellow craftsmen carved. Eventually he became known the world over as the "Mouseman."

Grandsons Robert and John Cartwright with the help of local craftsmen continue the Mouseman's tradition of fine carving and furniture-making in premises adjoining Robert Thompson's cottage **1**. The church mouse **2** still peeps perkily from the feet of lifelike figures **3**, the arms of church pews or is to be caught in the act of climbing table legs, carved overmantels or linen fold panels **4**.

Timber yards are scoured for the finest English Oak (*Quercus Robur*), which is brought to the local sawmill for converting. Logs (trunks) are sawn and carefully stacked **5** to season naturally for at least five years. Though motorised sawbenches and over-and-under planers are now used for preparatory work, the surface of the oak is still finished with an adze to give a smooth yet undulating surface **6** which reflects the lifelike ripples on a pool.

A skilled carver uses up to a hundred and fifty chisels or gouges **7** of varying forms and sizes. The granite-hard blocks of oak are roughly

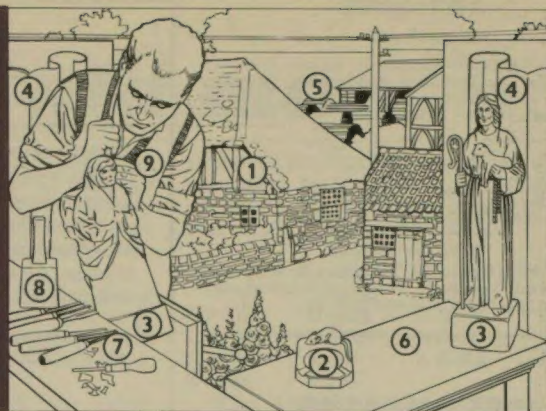
chipped to shape with mallet **8** and chisel. Final and detailed shaping and smoothing down, shown **9**, is surely and unerringly worked by hand and chisel alone. At Kilburn, the finished work is fumed for several hours in an ammonia chamber before being wax polished. This imparts the rich golden nut brown colour and shows to perfection the silver figure (medullary rays) distinctive to oak.

The Mouseman's workshops are open to the public each weekday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. (8 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays, and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sundays from April to October).

For more information on country crafts, why not send for a list of Country Workshops compiled by the Rural Industries Bureau, 35 Camp Road, Wimbledon Common, London S.W.19. (Please enclose 3d. stamp.)

New—*The Shell Country Alphabet* by Geoffrey Grigson; an encyclopaedia of countryside knowledge. Michael Joseph. 30/-.

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